

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## No. 1000.

NUMBER One Thousand is surely the coming of Age of a Weekly Journal. Dear Readers, it is an awful long time to look back upon. A thousand weeks have we toiled for your edification and entertainment. A thousand weeks have we pursued, through good and evil report, the same undeviating course, zealously endeavouring to fulfil the grand object proposed at our outset—the encouragement of our country's deserving literature, the promotion of her arts, and the diffusion of an acquaintance with her useful inventions, discoveries, improvements, and science. To our task we brought a kindly and a generous feeling, for our wish was to advance, not to depress; and, well aware how little of talent is requisite to accomplish the latter, we hoped that, at any rate, an equal capacity might suffice for the productive and beneficial. The bee which collects and forms into beautiful order its stores of honey, is armed for offence when occasion calls: the drone only makes a noise, and stings. So in the field of letters, and especially in periodical publication, diligence and activity in drawing sweets from every quarter, and arranging the treasure in admirable order, best appeal to the sense when much of the work has been completed and can be examined as a whole: meanwhile the buzzing generation has passed away, and nothing remains even to remind us of its stinging bitternesses and fruitless or destructive impertinence.

We confess that we call on the public with pride, to look upon the twenty quarto volumes which contain the accumulated mass of our Thousand Weeks. What a picture do they furnish of English literature! hardly a work that has issued from the press has been unnoticed, none neglected. The fine arts, at the beginning of our career, were not mentioned ten times in a year by all the papers in London; now, such is the force of example, they are as common topics as the political occurrences of the day. Science was confined to two or three bulky journals, like angel visits, few and far between: now, there is not a movement in any branch which is not speedily and efficiently reported, and made known to the world. Our national, literary, and scientific bodies, which met with closed doors until the *Literary Gazette* opened them, have their proceedings now as regularly published as those of Parliament.

The way once paved, we have naturally been followed and imitated by many contemporaries; while others have adopted different plans, and steered by new courses. But all have tended to a great end; and it is a pleasure to observe, that, with very few exceptions, the literary portion of our periodical press has been decorous, intelligent, and well-meaning, from the foremost in the list, with all the pains of original research, to the penny gatherer of medley instruction and amusement. If we do not so much admire the latter, it is because we consider system to be as necessary as matter; and it is because we are convinced that confusion of mind, not knowledge, must be the result of altogether desultory and unconnected reading. Still it may implant a taste for better things; and it is, indeed, we are assured by persons in the trade, gradually taking its proper level in this respect, the effectiveness of novelty, and no small degree of quackish pretension and exertion, having quickly subsided. But the wonderful change is apparent throughout the kingdom: when the *Literary Gazette* began, there was not a periodical of the kind in existence; in twenty years it has led to the publication of probably 200,000 sheets weekly, addressed to various useful and entertaining purposes.

The alteration proposed in the scale of stamp duties will probably cause some changes in the general qualities, prices, and circulation of literary journals; but it is not likely to affect them so much as their political neighbours, nor to lead to similar deterioration and abuses as is likely to ensue among them. The *Glasgow North Briton*, edited by a patient in the Lunatic Asylum, is not, we trust, calculated to become a type of their fallen estate. One striking error seems to pervade the whole argument on this important subject. The cheapness of information to the public, and particularly to the working classes, is most to be desired; but it ought to be remembered how little time they have to give to reading, and, therefore, it is far more essential that their supply should be nutritious than that it should be abundant. The mechanic has no use for daily and hourly papers to lounge over and devour their voluminous contents; for him, and for all the multitude who earn their subsistence by honest labour and the sweat of their brow, let us try to provide that which is really good for them—the delight of acquiring new and profitable ideas, the sweets of pleasant relaxation from their toils, the consolations of moral habits, and plous and joyful hopes here and hereafter.

And to do this, there must be fountain heads to collect the waters and pour them forth over the land; and these cannot exist without heavy expense and ceaseless industry. When the Nile flows, streams, and canals, and drainages, may be carried from it on every side, to irrigate, refresh, and invigorate the teeming soil: but if all is reduced to cheapness, whence shall come the mighty river to redeem the barrenness around? Who, for instance, is to collect the news of distant countries, and give their intelligence to the reader at home; how is the wonderful machinery, which now supplies the miracles we every day witness, to be maintained; and how the numbers of able persons, who contribute from minute to minute to the public information, to be supported? These things cannot be done without a high and responsible press, and the risk of vast capital. What protection will the parties or their capital have, if subjected to be pirated and pillaged of their most costly acquisitions the moment they appear? The event would be the universal degradation of the press, and the destruction of its most useful and important features. Earnestly do we trust that these circumstances will be maturely weighed; and the risk carefully guarded against.\*

But we have been betrayed into lecturing and argument, the usual loquaciousness of old age, the babble of a Thousand Weeks—the weeks of discretion and experience!

There are yet certain egotistical points on which we would offer a few words. On reviewing these weeks, it is with inexpressible satisfaction we can refer to them all, and say, "Look at the Authors whose first works we encouraged by our praise—look at the Artists whose earliest attempts we cherished—look at the Men of Science who never heard the voice of public cheer till they heard it from our page—look at the Actor, the Musician, the Ingenious of every Class, whom it has

\* The principal London Morning Journals, for instance, whence nearly all the public intelligence is derived, expend, perhaps, each 50,000*l.* per annum in procuring their parliamentary reports and foreign and domestic intelligence, law, police, &c. &c. If they are left unprotected to the mercy of every penny plunderer, they must cease to employ their vast means, and the country remain in ignorance of what it most behoves it to know; and which no cheap paper can ever afford to furnish.—*Ed. L. G.*

been our lot to befriending; and imagine how gratifying it is to us to feel that the memory of those among them who have died are embalmed in honoured recollection, and that those who live are the ornaments and glory of their native country." We could, were we vain enough to wish it, make a list of these, with our comments on their upspringing from the shades of obscurity, which would be a remarkable document. On the contrary, we could oppose it by another list of those it has been our painful duty to censure and condemn; often when upheld by the most influential of our contemporaries: and we would put the challenge, Where are they now? Where honest, just, impartial, and fearless criticism set them at once; and whence no favour or delusion can ever raise them more, even for a moment.

In our No. 1000 we boast of this as the proudest blazon on the escutcheon of the *Literary Gazette*, and the noblest testimony to its undeviating integrity. Where mistaken, the mistakes have been in the estimate of worth, never in opposition to the pure light of truth. The errors are of the judgment alone.

We also enjoy great happiness in thinking of the original talent and genius which has appealed to the world through our publication: we can boldly assert, that the most immortal writers and men of science of our age, and very many of them, have contributed largely to the various departments of the *Literary Gazette*. With them all we have cultivated close and delightful intercourse; and from them we have received that liberal aid which the truly exalted are ever most ready to afford.

In lesser things we have had our amusements too. Many anxieties have we had it in our power to relieve—of many first efforts of the Muse have we impeded the wing—even first sighs of love have been successfully breathed in our poets' corner—and there are, therefore, we hope, thousands of our fellow-creatures who will join in congratulating and being happy with us at the end of our Thousand Weeks—and wishing well to all that may follow No. 1000.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Poetical Remains of the late Mrs. Hemans.* 12mo. pp. 321. Edinburgh, 1836. Blackwood; London, Cadell.

"THE remains of the late Mrs. Hemans," These are the last notes of a well-spring of music that has been vocal among us for the last nineteen years. We have listened to it from the first low murmur of the newly gushing spring to the full-formed melody of the complete and gliding river. But the appointed course has been run, and the sweet current has mingled with the mighty depths of eternity. The present has now no future; but the past has; the gifted eye and hand will achieve no more, but what they have achieved will linger with us to the last. Mrs. Hemans has left a rich legacy to the literature of her country. How many feminine feelings have "discouraged eloquent music;" how many delicate but deep thoughts, how many impressions of natural loveliness, have found that existence in her pages, by which the few give utterance to the emotions of the many! All have alike their own hidden world of poetry; and the poet's only peculiar gift is its expression. The volume now before us was chiefly written while passing through the valley of the shadow of

death. What a touching and yet solemn truth does this give to its aspirations for the purer air which is beyond the grave! One of the most beautiful poems was dictated from the bed of death—"the vision and the faculty divine" haunting even the dying pillow, and feeling, in its own high and holy nature, the noblest assurance of its immortality. We are aware that this collection is of fugitive pieces already published, but we cannot refrain from selecting a few favourites. The poetry that has been read but once has not been read at all—for

"We must love it, ere to us  
It will seem worthy of our love."

We quote first of all the sonnet to which we have before alluded.

"Sabbath Sonnet."

Composed by Mrs. Hemans a few days before her death, and dictated to her brother.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,  
Through England's pinarose meadow paths, their way  
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,  
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!  
The Halls from old heroic ages gray  
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,  
With whose thick orchard-blossoms the soft winds play,  
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,  
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread  
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed  
Of sickness bound; yet, oh, my God! I bless  
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled  
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled  
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

"No More."

No more! a harp-string's deep and breaking tone,  
A last low summer breeze, a far off swell,  
A dying echo of rich music gone, [well—  
Breathe through those words—those murmurs of fare-  
No more!

To dwell in peace, with home-affections bound,  
To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,  
To feel the spirit of her love around,  
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—  
No more!

A dirge-like sound! to greet the early friend  
Unto the hearth, his place of many days;  
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,  
Or join the household laughter by the blaze—  
No more!

Through woods that shadowed our first years to rove,  
With all our native music in the air;  
To watch the sunset with the eyes we loved,  
And turn, and read our own heart's answer there—  
No more!

Words of despair! yet earth's, all earth's—the wo  
Their passion breathes—the desolately deep!  
That sound in heaven—oh! image then the flow  
Of gladness in its tones—to part, to weep—  
No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,  
To see the beautiful from life depart,  
To wait impatiently a secret chain,  
To waste the untold riches of the heart—  
No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn,  
For human love—and never quench that thirst,  
To pour the soul out, winning no return,  
O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—  
No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,  
To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead,—  
To send our troubled spirits through the unscen,  
Intensely questioning for treasures fled—  
No more!

Words of triumphant music—bear me on  
The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air;  
Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,  
To learn in joy;—to struggle, to despair—  
No more!"

"The Welcome to Death."

Thou art welcome, O thou warning voice!  
My soul hath pined for thee;  
Thou art welcome as sweet sounds from shore  
To wanderer on the sea.  
I hear thee in the rustling woods,  
In the sighing vernal air;  
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,  
With a deeper tone than theirs.  
The lonely earth! Since kindred steps  
From its green paths are fled,  
A dimness and a hush have lain,  
O'er all its beauty spread.

\* "Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme j'aime,"  
was a mournful expression of Mad. de Staël's."

The silence of the unanswering soul  
Is on me and around;  
My heart hath echoes but for thee,  
Thou still, small, warning sound!  
Voice after voice hath died away,  
Once in my dwelling heard;  
Sweet household-name by name hath  
To grief's forbidden word!  
From dreams of night on each I call,  
Each of the far removed;  
And waken to my own wild cry—  
"Where are ye, my beloved?"

Ye left me! and earth's flowers were dim  
With records of the past;  
And stars poured down another light  
Than o'er my youth they cast:  
Birds will not sing as once they sung,  
When ye were at my side,  
And mournful tones are in the wind,  
Which I heard not till ye died!

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner!  
Why should the last remain?  
What eye can reach my heart of hearts,  
Bearing in light again?  
E'en could this be, too much of fear  
O'er love would now be thrown—  
Away, away! from time, from change,  
Once more to meet my own!"

We were the first to hail her advent to the poetic choir, and have often had occasion to express our admiration of the genius whose "remains" we have collected. We again express that admiration: but it is, indeed, flinging down leaves and flowers on the newly closed grave. We need only add, that an elegantly written Memoir is prefixed, by Mr. Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

*Spain Revisited.* By the Author of "A Year in Spain." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Bentley.

We are glad to see a continuation of these lively and characteristic sketches, which, unlike repetitions or revisits in general, are quite as agreeable and interesting reading as the preceding volumes. The writer enters the country with some difficulty, from Bayonne, crosses the Pyrenees, and journeys by Pamplona, Alagon, and Zaragoza, to Madrid, where the carnival, bull-fights, inspection of the prisons, &c., fill up his time. He then takes an excursion to Alcala de Henares, returns to Madrid, and retraces his route to Bayonne, by Salamanca, Torresillas, Valladolid, Burgos, Vittoria, and Villafraña. Every where he observes or picks up curious and amusing matter, and gives us altogether one of those entertaining journals which please without labour, and are enjoyed without effort. It is almost unnecessary to select any particular parts in order to shew this; the same spirit runs throughout, and we may quote at random. The following, relating to the late king, Ferdinand VII., will be perused with interest:

"In the course of my intercourse with persons in some way connected with the affairs of the court, and especially with a very intelligent young countryman attached to our embassy, and familiar with all that had transpired during the last three or four eventful years, which have brought about such a complete revolution in the political condition of Spain, I became acquainted with many facts relating to Ferdinand, the late king, which place his character in an entirely different light from that in which I had before been accustomed to regard it. I had described him in my previous work as a stupid, slothful, and ignorant, but rather good-natured, individual. But I now found that he had much natural cleverness, had read extensively, and was well acquainted with the laws of his country, and with history generally. He had managed, too, with admirable tact, so to balance the opposing parties of the liberals and the absolutists, or rather the advocates of the church, as to keep every thing quiet, and maintain all the real power in his own hands. He

did not labour, indeed, at all for the prosperity and advancement of the happiness of Spain, but only for the stability and secure possession of his own despotic and undisputed sway. It must be owned, however, that by his last marriage, and his anxiety to leave the throne to an heir of his own body, he bequeathed to Spain a legacy of strife and contention, which the advantage gained by a premature transfer of the government from the hands of the church party to those of the liberals may scarcely be able to compensate. From having lived a very licentious life in his youth, Ferdinand became in late years exceedingly severe towards such as followed his early rather than his later example. He exercised a rigorous censorship over the morals of the court, receiving and listening to complaints from husbands against their wives, and wives against their husbands and their husbands' paramours, sending the offenders, for one or more years, to the retirement of some obscure pueblo, or to read the lives of the saints, or sing penitential psalms, in the cloisters of a convent. These edicts of banishment were often revoked, on a display of penitence by the offending party, at the desire of a wife anxious to be restored to the arms of her repentant spouse, or upon the mutual stipulation of the parties to live well together, and lead in future an exemplary life, and set an example of dove-like attachment. There is much in all this to remind one of the singular state of society which existed in France in the two or three reigns which preceded the revolution, when *lettres de cachet* were the order of the day, and the intrigues of peace-making dowagers would send a libertine to the Bastille, until he was ready to bind himself in future to attend properly to all his domestic duties,—in short, 'à bien vivre avec son épouse.' In Spain, indeed, one might look in vain for the high refinement which then existed in the sister-kingdom; for the wit, sprightliness, grace, and good taste which gilded the immortality of her nobility, and for that polished form of existence which the country villas and chateaux exhibited, as we read of them in the light and sprightly memoirs of the time. Every one has heard something of the curious career of Teresa, a French milliner, who, from exercising her art in the decoration of the young queen's person, came at length to obtain such an influence over her mind as to make use of her interest with the king, not only to grant offices and confer promotion on such as previously took care to pay her, but even to influence the affairs of state. Teresa, in turn, had her favourite, who was, naturally enough, of the other sex, being an able-bodied officer of the royal body-guard. The king, in one of his joking moods, in humorous imitation of Hamlet, induced one of the players, who was to act before the court in the private theatre of the Conservatory of Music, to introduce into his part a sly phrase, the purport of which was, that if any one wanted an office he must apply to Teresa. The power of this omnipotent *modista* was at length demolished by the study and obstinate efforts of Zea Bermudez, who insisted upon her banishment. The order was secretly issued, a carriage and post-mules prepared, and the favourite, roused from her bed at night, was hurried, half dressed, into the vehicle, and shot off, like a rocket, to the frontier. The exchange was the more unacceptable, that she had not been roused from a comfortable and solitary pillow; indeed, the scene which her chamber disclosed, when thus suddenly thrown open to inspection, was quite worthy to form an episode in the adventures of that quondam chronicler, Gil Blas of Santillana. \* \* \*

"Had Carlos (continues the author) succeeded naturally, and without opposition, to the crown, the country would at least have escaped from a disputed succession and from civil war. He is said, moreover, to be an amiable, honest, and conscientious man; and the extreme mildness of his character, rendered so evident by late events, would have, perhaps, furnished a security against any ultra attempts at persecutions, which might excite to revolt, or his putting down liberal opinions by cruelty and oppression. As to the abstract question of the rights of the individual, it is of no consequence to me or to my countrymen, who have little faith in the divine right of kings, and no respect whatever for the inviolability of their property in the soil and its inhabitants. But to return to Ferdinand. It must be owned that, having determined to leave the succession to his daughter, and a legacy of contention to the liberals and apostolics, whom he equally disliked, he made a very judicious selection of the council of regency, when, reflecting that the latter would be in favour of Carlos, and that his daughter would have to depend for support on the opposite party, he chose her advisers almost entirely from among them. Several individuals named in his will were in banishment; and one of them, Garelli, opposite to whose name he is said to have made a note, 'El mejor ministro que he tenido—the best minister I ever had,' had been persecuted by him for his liberal opinions, and was actually in such a state of obscurity at the time when the king's death called him to so elevated a station, that he was obliged to keep a school for his support. It is a well-known fact, that the system of peculation exercised now, as in the days of Gil Blas, by public functionaries in Spain, extends not only from the minister with fifty titles to the lowest aduanero, but has even, in Ferdinand's case at least, been shared in by the king himself; for in all the sales of monopolies, and in farming out the revenues, he was wont, before consenting to a bargain and affixing his royal name, to ask, and hear satisfactorily answered, the sordid question, *Que servicio para mí?* And a minister somewhat honest than the rest is known to have lost his office for resisting, on one occasion, so base a requisition. But, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of Ferdinand was his proneness to treachery and hypocrisy. An anecdote, strongly illustrative of this, is related of him in his conduct to Fernandez del Pino, a very able and intelligent statesman, who was minister of grace and justice during the administration of Zea, and who was dismissed on account of being of too liberal politics for the prime minister. During a council, or some court assembly, one morning in the palace, the king had been particularly civil to Fernandez del Pino, and when he was about to leave, addressed him very kindly, and ended by saying, as he patted him on the back, 'Oh! that I had a thousand friends like you, del Pino! *Ojalá que tuvieras mil hombres como tu, Fernandez!*' The delighted minister, overwhelmed with the royal kindness, and swelling with exultation, bowed himself out; but the moment his back was turned, the facetious monarch, leering, winking, and looking round to his courtiers, made the contemptuous exclamation, 'toma!' accompanied by a vulgar and obscene motion of the arm, only in use among the lowest Spaniards. That night Fernandez del Pino had an interview with the king, parted kindly, very likely with the present of a cigar from the royal mouth, and leaving his office at eleven o'clock, at half-past one the same night

he received his dismissal, and an order to go instantly into banishment."

At a concert and play he saw the queen, and tells us—

"All rose to receive her, and she presently entered, accompanied by Don Francisco and Don Sebastian, with her two sisters, their wives. As she advanced up the passage to her seat, she was received with enthusiastic vivas and waving of fans, which she returned with a rare grace, and a captivating smile of recognition directed to those whom she distinguished. Her height is good, and she is extremely well formed, though inclining to become large. She was dressed with great simplicity and good taste in black, with jet ornaments, and a panache in her hair, which was dressed à la Chinoise. Though her nose was somewhat larger than is necessary, and, withal, slightly *rétroussée*, yet the style of her face was decidedly good; and the effect of the whole, enhanced by a sweet air of amiability and goodness of heart, was quite captivating. She did not take her seat on the species of throne, surrounded by a canopy, which was placed at one side, but on the front rank of benches, which happened to be only two immediately in advance of that on which I was sitting. The three princesses were attended by their chamberlains, among whom I noticed particularly one, on whose arm hung the queen's pelisse of velvet and costly furs, and who was a very noble-looking man, with a classical cast of countenance, and a pale complexion, contrasting strongly with his black and nicely defined mustache, and a full dark eye, which, while it reposed languidly within its lid, seemed capable of lighting up and kindling with excitement and fire. His plain dress of black, with no other ornament than the gold key which designated his office, corresponded with the simplicity and striking character of his whole person. On inquiry, I was told that his name was Muñoz, whom it was impossible not to look on as a most happy fellow, to hold an office of the kind about the person of so charming a lady. \* \* \* Her head was finely shaped, with a couple of little ears fitting nicely and tightly on either side—the first pair, indeed, that ever struck me as having any beauty; then her neck was so swan-like and faultless, and it so gradually and naturally spread out and expanded into such a noble foundation, increasing at each instant in beauty and charms, until it disappeared vexatiously beneath the dress which concealed it; but, above all, when she turned her head, as she did from time to time to notice and salute the ladies about her, her countenance so lit up with smiles, and became radiant with sweetness and amiability, that I could not keep from feeling towards her a degree of reverence and enthusiastic admiration, which was less a homage to her grandeur and proud condition as a queen, than to her exceeding loveliness as a woman."

Of the population of Madrid, we shall copy the account of only one degraded class:—

"Perhaps there are no women in the world possessing characters more strongly marked with reckless crime, than those of the lower class in Madrid, known by the name of Manolas. Unheeded by the police, and abandoned to the bloody law of their own vindictive passions, the barriers in which they live are the nightly scenes of violence and murder; and the only intimation which justice has of their crimes, is when the dead bodies of the murdered of either sex, instead of being concealed, are thrust out into the street, and being taken up in the morning by the patrol, are exposed,

covered with wounds and blood, in the Place of the Holy Cross, until claimed for burial by their relations. On the feast-days, the taverns of these suburban barriers become the scene of carousal. Many of these Manolas, supported by lovers who are attached to them, themselves often support in turn other lovers to whom they are attached; and these, again, may still have their distinct prepossessions. Hence the abundant source of jealousy, quarrels, duels with knives, or stealthy assassination. As many of these women habitually carry open knives thrust through their garters, the means of dealing a death blow is ever at hand."

The prison for female convicts will finish the picture of woman's degradation with more original features.

"The Galeria is for the reception of female convicts alone, and for women condemned to seclusion by their husbands or fathers, with a view to their punishment or reformation. The alcalde of the barrier, whom we met in the Saladero, accompanied us to the place, recommending us to the attention of the alcaide, or governor. At the door was a guard, from the corps of invalids, and over the portal we read the motto of this seclusion, conceived in that spirit of noble sentimentousness to which the Spanish language and the national turn of mind so naturally lend themselves—*Odia el delito y compadece el delincuente*," which, rendered literally, proclaims that the system of the place is conceived in the spirit of hatred of crime, and compassion for the criminal. This we found, on inspection, to be true; and we could not help wondering that a treatment of criminals so philosophic and so benevolent, should exist in the same city with the infamous receptacles of crime we had just visited, and which seemed to offer a fit realisation of hell upon earth. The alcaide of the place was a Catalan; his wife, who was an Estremenia, or native of Estremadura, held the situation of rectora, and had charge of the occupations and internal police of the recluses. Every thing in this place was consummately neat and orderly. The washing-room, which adjoined the court, the dormitories, the chapel, all conveyed the idea of taste, comfort, and propriety. We found the recluses in the work-room, arranged in order, and engaged in cutting out and making up clothing for soldiers. They seemed glad to see us, and were very civil. For the most part, they were rather old than young, and their countenances were generally marked with a bad expression, though not singularly so, when one remembered that they formed the very choice of the vicious, in a country so full of crime as Spain, and that one-fifth of the whole number had actually taken the lives of their husbands. One, however, who was engaged in embroidering a mantilla, an occupation which shewed that she was not from the lowest class, was young, and of very interesting appearance. We were told afterwards that she had been taken up for issuing counterfeit money, and, perhaps, was only the instrument of the guilt of a vicious father or brother. The rectora was very careful not to tell us of these offences in the presence of the recluses, it being her system to make them lose sight of their crimes, and never to allow them to accuse or taunt each other. One woman of middle age, and moderately well-looking, whom we found knitting, asked the colonel if he had brought her indulto, or pardon. He inquired of her the nature of her offence, and her answer was 'nothing,' though she presently added, 'one little that I did, and another little that I was accused of doing, make two littles; and for



these am I here — *Un poco que he hecho, y otro que me han puesto, hacen dos pocos, y por estos estoy a qui!* The alcaide improved upon this tale of innocence, by adding, that her offence was having gone twice to mass in one day. He afterwards told us, that she was a woman of notorious character, and, moreover, an abettor of robbers and assassins. Her character had, indeed, been so vicious, that, before her imprisonment, she was publicly paraded through Madrid, where she was perfectly well known, being seated on the back of an ass, with a bunch of false keys hung round her neck like a rosary, pausing, from time to time, in a public square, or at a corner, to be scourged on the bare skin with rods. After we had gone through the various rooms, and expressed to the rectora our admiration of her consummate management, she invited us to her parlour to repose, and gave us some account of the various criminals who had been, or were still, under her charge. Among the more noted who were still there, was Josefa Ramos, a schoolmistress, from one of the neighbouring pueblos. Her brother had been serenading his mistress at an unreasonable hour, in the opinion of the alcaide, who, wishing to keep the streets quiet in the night, or, as the rectora sententially added — *'queriendo comer'* — being anxious to extort money, without which it is not worth while to be alcaide in Spain, any more than *cadi* among the Turks, summoned the musical delinquent to appear. He kept out of the way, and his sister, with whom he lived, was summoned as his sponsor. She appeared accordingly, and, after much interrogation, was mulcted in a sum which it was neither convenient nor agreeable for her to pay. Her temper, which, doubtless, had not been much softened in her profession of *maestra de niñas*, was roused at such outrageous injustice, and, after words of recrimination on either side, she seized the *cadi's* penknife, and struck him on the back of the neck, just where the mercy-stroke is given by bull-fighters, as he leaned over to take down some fresh accusation. Here was also a woman who had killed her husband, with the aid of her lover, and then carried him to an olive-orchard, and left him, to convey the idea that he had been detected in stealing olives, and killed by the owner. Another similar circumstance, yet more infamous, was related of one Leocadia Lindez, a woman of respectable parentage, in Fuentes de Leganes, who, having killed her husband, with the aid of her paramour, placed his body in a sack with stones, and loaded it on the back of her accomplice, to carry in the night to a neighbouring stream. As they went along, under pretence of sustaining the burden, she contrived to take a few stitches with packthread, through the bag and the back of his jacket. On reaching the top of the bridge, she told him to throw it over; and, aiding the impulse as he obeyed, she sent both into the stream together. A shepherd, who chanced to be near with his flock, had a glimpse of the scene; the river was searched, the bodies found, and the murderer identified. After a short confinement here, she was liberated through the agency of a rich uncle; and, being not less licentious than beautiful, she continued to lead a dissolute life in the capital, until her attractions were gone, when she became a beggar, in which character the alcaide had recently seen her in the Gate of the Sun. Another notorious personage, still in the Galera, was a bishop's niece — which sometimes means his daughter, though not often, for the bishops in Spain are usually exemplary in their lives — who had also murdered her husband.

But of all the atrocious women that I had seen or heard of, either here or elsewhere, the most vicious, as well as the most valiant, was Maria Guadeño. This woman, who lived in a neighbouring pueblo, had one day a quarrel with five men, who were assembled in a tavern, and who attempted to seize and beat her, for some abuse she had vented on them. Having rushed out of the house to escape, they pursued her, when she caught hold of a grating of the window with her left hand, to prevent herself from being dragged away, while, wielding a knife with the right, she presently dealt a mortal blow in the stomach to one of the assailants, and badly wounded another, when a stroke on the arm with a bludgeon brought the knife to the ground, and it was taken from her. In this situation, her rage ministered a singular weapon in the comb which she wore in her head, with which she struck the man who stooped to secure the knife, and tore away his left eye. She then made her escape, and was soon after found at home, by the justicia, very quietly seated beside her mother, breakfasting on fried liver. The rectora, in explaining the nature of her system and mode of discipline, of which she was justly proud, described how she had overcome the obstinate stupidity of a Valenciana, who had fallen lately into her hands, and who was so hopelessly ignorant and incorrigible, as if she had been bred among the wild beasts in the mountains. She seated her next herself in the working-room, and gave her a task. She did not get on well, and was sulky, and she gave her a blow with the *vara*, or yard-stick, which was her constant companion. The blows were repeated as often as the offences, until, at length, she became both clever and good-natured, and, after a time, so fond of her mistress, that she would follow her like a dog, and take her part in every dispute occurring among the recluses during her absence. Notwithstanding, however, the commanding character of the rectora, and the excellence of the discipline, in a society containing every element of disorder and crime, and which, previous to her assumption of office, was the scene of perpetual strife and murders, perpetrated by means of scissors, or whatever weapon chance might minister, still she seemed to be in some measure awed by the fiercer spirit of Maria Guadeño. She said that she was a complete hell of passion when excited; and when we expressed a wish to see her by herself, after we had made the circuit of the rooms, she seemed unwilling to excite her displeasure by singling her out. At last she suggested that we should ask for her, under pretence of delivering a message from a younger sister of hers, who was at that time a prisoner in the Saladero. We did so, and she presently appeared — a woman of middle age, apparently of low condition, and accustomed to toil; she was not well-looking, yet there was nothing particularly ferocious in her countenance; for we had not remarked her when seated among the rest. She asked for her sister with great and unaffected kindness, and begged that we would interest ourselves to have her sent to the In-culsa, for she was only fifteen years old, and it was a pity that she should be exposed, at her age, to the hardships and contamination of a common dungeon. After she had gone away, the rectora told us that Maria's one-eyed victim had made her a visit not long ago, and was not particularly well received by her, for she had always said that it was the evidence of the *tuerto*, or one-eyed, that procured her conviction. 'If God spares me' — she is wont to say, with great, but terrible, calmness — 'to

fulfil my ten years, the first thing I shall do will be to kill the *tuerto*.' She has yet four years to remain, and the best use the *tuerto* can make of them is to change his name, get a glass eye, and transport himself to some other country. The system of the establishment under the direction of this firm and ingenious woman, embraces the minutest attention to cleanliness, order, a judicious distribution of time, and exact attention to religious observances. The day begins, as in a well-regulated man-of-war, with the employments connected with cleanliness and preparation; then follows breakfast, — after that, mass; then the season of the more important labours, until dinner, which is accompanied by three paternosters; work again ensues, until the rosary, succeeding the evening meal, ushers in the allotted season of repose. The spirit of order, of occupation, of well-divided time, assigning to each portion of the day its corresponding employment, all tend to tranquillise and give a healthy tone to the mind, substituting a calm contentment for wasteful and corroding care, and laying the surest foundation for reformation and future usefulness in the world, in the formation of those habits which are themselves the means of honourable subsistence."

We may probably return to this work, as we have left the second volume untouched by quotation, though we can recommend it as being equal to the first for variety and incident.

*The Reliques of Father Prout, late P. P. of Watergrasshill, in the County of Cork, Ireland.* Collected and arranged by Oliver Yorke, with Eighteen Illustrations by Alfred Croquis. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Fraser.

AMONG the writers who have contributed to the better parts of *Fraser's Magazine*,\* for learning, talent, and originality, no one has surpassed the nominal Father Prout. Who he is must be unknown to us. The preamble to these volumes declares him to be dead; but, *credat Judeus!* if he were dead, it could not be (as we sincerely trust, from its rare learning and talent, it is) a pre-ambule. No, he is, and we rejoice to hope it, still in the land of the living, to amble on, and amuse us with his curious stores of reading, so eccentrically applied; and his ready wit, which only seems to be elaborate because we cannot readily fancy that such classical, and often profound, allusions are the mere ready currency of any mind, however stored with treasures; for we always involuntarily combine the ideas of weight, heaviness, unyieldingness, with great riches, and cannot imagine them so coinable and prompt as the wealth of Father Prout. The embellishments, by some poor unknown artist (for no name appears but on the title-page, Alfred Croquis), seem to throw a gleam of light, or of mystery — which is, in reality the same thing — upon the authorship; though not enough to guide our conjectures. But we may notice of the said artist, that these sketches are *rather* clever for a young beginner; and, if he persevere in a proper course of study, without playing tricks, or taking upon him, as is the usual habit of successful artists, fantastical airs, indulging in the robbery of honest people, and in the kicking down of

\* We have always disapproved, and must ever hold up to reprobation, that style of writing which uses scurrility and personality in lieu of wit and reason. It is the more inexcusable when adopted by men of evident ability and talent, who possess far superior means of attracting and riveting public attention. Low and obscure blackguards, destitute alike of powers and character, ought to be the only despised salesman of this species, we were going to say, of literature, but we must say of trash and filth. — Ed. L. G.



ladders,\* we have no doubt he will rise to distinction in his profession. His characteristic portraiture of Father Prout does him credit, though, perhaps, a little fanciful.

But to return to Father, not Doctor, Prout, the only fear we have of his delighting others as much as he has us, is, that some of his humour is too much of the Rabelais school to be generally understood. In truth, with all our prodigious intelligence, *We* are frequently at a loss for the bearings of his drolleries. If he were a Jesuit, he could not perplex us more with no, or double meanings; and, to be aware of many of his hits, we suspect one must be personally acquainted with observations unknown out of the small circle of periodical literature.

The papers now before us are reprinted from a year of *Fraser's Magazine*, and are such as must force the public to do that, which, in our own case, we trust we have persuaded it to do, acknowledge the amount of talent, in one way or other, employed to make our periodical publications extraordinary performances, whether distinguished for diligence, capacity, intelligence, or genius. True it is, that much of defect, of error, of weakness appearing, of folly trying to look wise, of commonplace, and (in a certain class) impertinence, swaggering, personality, and grosser faults, offend the public; but still, let us look at the general talent displayed, and must not we wish that the breach may not be widened for the further influx of the bad, by opening the course to every penniless and profligate adventurer who, with nothing to stake and every thing to hope, can speculate on the notoriety and subversivity of any sort of publication?

Well, as we suspect Father Prout to be no better than the advertised French widow, "*La Veuve inconsolable*;" i. e. "*un symbole, un mythe*," we shall not enter further into his Delphian (for they are neither China nor porcelain) productions. They are well known through the pages of our contemporary; and, collected together, they are, and it is much to say, more effective than in their dissipated form. The etchings are, Class I. No. I., admirable! such as have seldom adorned such volumes.

*Irish Varieties for the last Fifty Years: written from Recollections*, by J. D. Herbert. *Consisting of Sketches of Character, Customs, Manners, the Stage, the Bar, the Pulpit, &c.* First Series. 12mo. pp. 310. London, 1836. Joy.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY prompts us to an early notice of a volume of *Irish Varieties*, which, we have reason to believe, are founded on truth and actual observation. The volume is, almost consequently, a complete *mélange*, in which are many amusing bits relating to persons and things, of which the annexed may afford some idea:

"*The Pinking Dindies*.—It is now upwards of fifty years since Dublin was infested by an organised body of dissolute characters, composed of persons—some were sons of respectable parents, who permitted them to get up to man's estate in idle habits, without adequate means of support; others were professional students, who, having tasted the alluring fruits of dissipation, abandoned their studies and took a shorter road to gain supplies, by means no matter how fraudulent. They were of imposing appearance, being handsome and well-made in general; so that, individually, you could not suspect them. It was by their acts only you could convict them, and they commonly pursued their schemes in parties, and by

night; and they were so well prepared for battle, that the 'ancient and quiet watchmen,' the only protectors of the citizens of Dublin at that period, were worsted in almost every attempt made to subdue them: so that they were permitted to assail passengers in the streets, to levy contributions, or, perhaps, take a lady from her protector; and many females were destroyed by that lawless banditti. Another vile plan they had of providing supplies—by exacting from unfortunate girls, at houses of ill-fame, their share of what they deemed booty; and for this boon each had his wife, as he called her, and, if necessary, would assist her as bully, to awe, or compel, a flat to come down handsomely. Another source of gain they sought at a low gambling-house in Essex Street; and, when unsuccessful, they sallied forth, enraged at their losses, and repaired them by robbing the first eligible subject they met in the streets. Dress, at that time, was indispensable. 'No gentleman was seen without a sword; if in undress, a *couteau de chasse*; if full-dressed, a small sword: and the use of the sword was well understood. The pinking dindies made a rule to be well dressed, and, to a man, they were skilful swordsmen. Their plan of attack was thus:—Two of them, walking arm-in-arm, jostled the victim they meant for prey; then, with their swords in their scabbards, chapeless, so that the point just protruded, they pricked him in various parts, and, if he did not throw down his watch and money, two others came and took it by force; whilst two more, in reserve, were on the watch to give alarm if any persons approached. In that case they disappeared, and had their hiding-places adjacent, doors open; so that, if the punctured man was willing to pursue, he knew not where to go, but was glad to get away, bleeding and terrified. It appears incredible that such a practice should be endured for years, without any effort to check it effectually, and Dublin had all her nobles, gentry, citizens, mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, peers, and a garrison of soldiers—no small number. The only way I can account for it is, that the pinks never attacked swordsmen, nor any but single men and citizens, who neither wore fine clothes nor swords; so that gentlemen never felt the pointed evil, as it did not point at them. The last achievement I recollect of one of these redoubted champions, was a robbery he committed, at eleven o'clock at night, in Fleet Street, on a merchant, who had reached home, but had not knocked at his door. The robber presented a pistol at him; the merchant delivered his watch and money, and the freebooter escaped: but the merchant recognised him as a person with whom he had been well acquainted, having been at the same school with him. The next morning he had him arrested, and committed to prison. He prosecuted him. When brought to trial, Counsellor Curran defended, and exercised his wit on the occasion. The merchant swore positively to the man, and gave satisfactory evidence, which Curran, in cross-examination, attempted to invalidate. He drew from him that he had dined with a friend, and had partaken freely of the bottle; that he was returning home at nine o'clock, when he was induced to enter a tavern, and had supper of nine poached eggs and three or four tumblers of whisky-punch. Then Curran said: 'Now, sir, you have sworn positively to this man. Pray, how can you, after the confession I have heard from your lips, of so many bottles—two, at least—of wine; then, at night, a strata of poached eggs, and three or four tumblers of punch? Pray, do you not think your judgment might have been

a little under the yolk?' This set the court in a roar of laughter; but, though sport to them, it was death to the delinquent. The jury pronounced him guilty. However, his character had not been so very depraved as many of his fellows; his manner was always kind and civil—prepossessing; he was as fine a figure and as handsome a man as could be seen: he had many friends, from his redeeming qualities and the respectability of his family. It was his first known offence, and the jury recommended him strongly. The judge refused the recommendation. This drew forth a host of influential persons, and the case was sent to the lord-lieutenant. For some time the unfortunate fellow hung in doubt, but no more—there was no execution; nay, such interest was made for him, that he was allowed to transport himself for life. I saw him a few days before he took shipping for America. I had known him, and he stopped to speak to me; he appeared truly ashamed, and with great candour acknowledged his good fortune, so much beyond his hopes or his deserts. My readers may think me a strange character for acknowledging such a person, but I knew him before his fall, and I owed my life to him once, in a case where I was attacked by ruffians, who use little ceremony when enraged. The prosecution of that pink struck terror through the whole fraternity, for many of them were as liable to punishment, and could easily have been identified. Several went to London, and became expert at gaming-tables; two of them were enabled to obtain admission to clubs in St. James's Street, and I have often seen them walking and conversing familiarly with high fashionables. But the party of pinking dindies were never finally extirpated until the police was established. That useful institution, though decried by many, was more salutary and timely to the city of Dublin than any plan that has been since devised, coercive or otherwise; yet so capricious and unthinking are many, they condemn an establishment without proving its inefficacy; and though they suffered by the want of civil protection, and have been since, and are at present, in a state of tranquillity and security, many are insensible of the acquisition they possess in a well-regulated police-establishment."

This reminds one of the Mohawks in the age of the Spectator.

Two or three scraps to conclude.

"When Lord Fitzwilliam was viceroy in Ireland, he applied to Sir Hercules Langrishe to direct him to some history of Ireland that came down to the then present time. Sir Hercules replied, that he would find it in a continuation of *Rapin*.

"An action for infringing on the patent of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, was brought by Jones *versus* Astley. The latter had performed at his theatre two farces, called '*My Grandmother*,' and '*Lock and Key*.' The late Mr. Curran and Mr. Plunket were engaged for Jones, and a witness fell into their hands, on cross-examination, when the following humorous and satirical converse occurred. The witness was a very arrogant conceited person, of great importance. He held a situation in Dublin Castle, and was proprietor of the house which Astley had converted into a theatre. This Sir Oracle, the terror of authors, actors, painters, and all wits, now is exposed to two formidable correctors. He had finished his examination, when Mr. Curran commenced,—'*Well, sir, your name, I think, is Ashworth?*' '*It is.*' '*You have given it as your opinion and belief, that *My Grandmother* is a musical*

piece?" "I have said the farce called *My Grandmother* is a musical piece. I don't mean your grandmother." "You don't admit, then, of new readings?" "No, I do not." "Pray, do you think *Madame Mara* a musical piece?" "Oh! nonsense." "Pray, sir, are you sure you understand the distinction between a regular drama and that which is called a musical piece?" "I am certain I do." "Oh! then, pray describe to the court and jury what a regular drama is." "Every one knows that it is a comedy, tragedy, or farce." "What is a comedy?—describe it." "I have not come here to be the amusement of a court, and to indulge Mr. Curran in his fits of humorous by-play. I come here to state what my opinion is of the alleged trespass." "Well, sir, will you describe a comedy?" "I will not." "Will you a tragedy?" "No." "Will you a farce?" "No." Then Curran appealed to the bench. "My lord, this oracular expositor will not promulgate: how are we to know his profound knowledge of the subject?" Court.—"Sir, it is not sufficient evidence to go to the court. Your avowal of your own acquirement you must convince by explanation; then we find you competent. Allow me to ask you, how you are enabled to judge or form opinions on the subject?" "My lord, I have written works myself." "Oh! I beg pardon," said one of the lawyers; "then give the title of your work?" "It was anonymous, I can't." "Oh! he was one anonymous." There was a dead silence; when Mr. Curran said, "You may go down, sir." Mr. Plunket stopped his going down, to ask him one question: he said he would guarantee his not committing himself. "You say, sir, you have written anonymous works. Now, by virtue of the oath you have taken, are you, or are you not, the author of *Junius's Letters*?" "I am not." "You are on your oath, recollect." "On my oath, I am not." "I believe you, sir,—you may go down." Then Mr. Curran addressed the jury. "Gentlemen, it is for you to decide the fate of *My Grandmother*, whether she is regularly farcical, or but a musical piece; then you will have to say, whether the *Patent Lock and Key* is not to supersede the *Spring and Tumbler*."

"*A Friend lost by a Pun*.—When attending my father's business, an English gentleman came into our hardware house in Dublin, and asked to see some bottle-stands. I answered him, and was resolved he should speak in the Dublin phrase, as I had been obliged when in London to conform to the phraseology there; I, therefore, answered, 'We have no such article, sir.' 'Why, sir, I see one in your window, formed like a canoe; taking two bottles.' 'Oh! I beg your pardon, sir,—we call these bottle-coasters.' 'Coasters! coasters! they are called bottle-stands all through England.' 'That is just as it should be, sir; but the bottle never stands in Ireland. We, therefore, call them bottle-coasters!' The Englishman turned out, but did not buy; and I lost a customer, but had my joke."

*The Assembled Commons, 1836. An Account of each Member of Parliament; embracing Particulars of his Family, Descent, Political Influence, Opinions, &c. &c.; together with the State of the Polls at the last Election.* 32mo. pp. 227. London, Churton.

At a period like the present, when the affairs of parliament are the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and when almost every one has become a politician, the little work now before us cannot fail to attract attention and command public favour. In its production, the

author states his sole object to have been to afford, without verging on the spirit of party, authentic personal information regarding the several members of the British senate, their descent, their family, their connexions, their influence, &c.: information which no book has hitherto correctly supplied, and which, to all frequenters of the House of Commons, to all readers of the parliamentary debates, is of great value. The greatest care and accuracy appear to be displayed in the compilation, and the many anecdotes distributed throughout unite interest and information. We will conclude by strongly recommending the *Assembled Commons* to the notice of our readers, and by extracting, at random, a few passages from its pages, which will at once explain the nature of the production.

"*Bulwer (Lincoln)*.—Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., distinguished in the literary world as the author of 'Pelham,' 'Paul Clifford,' 'Rienzi,' and other works of fiction, is the youngest son of the late General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, Esq. of Knebworth Park. He thus descends from two very ancient families, the Bulwers, who have enjoyed lands (still in their possession) since the Conquest; and the Lyttons, eminent in Hertfordshire from the reign of Henry VII. His eldest brother, William Lytton Bulwer, Esq. resides at Heydon Hall, the patrimonial mansion, in Norfolk: and his second, Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq., the member for Mary-la-bonne, is at present secretary of legation at Brussels. The member for Lincoln married, in 1827, Rosina, only surviving daughter of the late Francis Massey Wheeler, Esq., of Lizzard Connel, in the county of Limerick, and has issue.

"*Grosvenor (Chester)*.—The Right Hon. Lord Robert Grosvenor, member on Whig principles for this city since 1826, and formerly comptroller of the household, is third son of Robert, marquess of Westminster, and brother to Earls Grosvenor and Wilton. The noble house of Grosvenor, one of the most opulent in the empire,\* traces its descent, in the male line, to an illustrious family which flourished in Normandy for a century and a half before the conquest of England, and obtained its surname from having held the high and powerful office in that principality of *Le Grovenour*. Its possessions in Cheshire, Flintshire, Dorsetshire, and Herts, are very considerable; and those in London and its vicinity, acquired by the marriage of Sir Thomas Grosvenor, M.P. with Mary, only daughter and heiress of Alexander Davies, Esq. of Ebury, of great and increasing value. Lord Robert Grosvenor is in his thirty-fifth year, and married to the Hon. Charlotte Wellesley, daughter of Lord Cowley, and niece of the Duke of Wellington.

"*Hardinge (Launceston)*.—The Right Hon. Sir H. Hardinge, of Retton, a major-general in the army, and colonel of the 97th foot, has established a high reputation both as a soldier and politician. During the peninsular war he was actively engaged, and lost an arm at the battle of Waterloo, for which he receives a pension of 300l. His first return to parliament was for the city of Durham, in 1826, and he has since sat successively for the boroughs of St. Germans, Newport, and Launceston. Of the Tory party he is a distinguished member, and has twice, during its tenure of office, been chief secretary for Ireland. The hon. member is in his fifty-first year; is brother of the Rev.

\* The income of the Marquess of Westminster is stated to exceed three hundred thousand a-year.

Sir Charles Hardinge, Bart. of Belleisle, in the county of Fermanagh, brother-in-law of the Marquess of Londonderry, and grandson of Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. of Cranbury, joint secretary of the Treasury in 1752; by Jane, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Pratt, chief justice of the Court of King's Bench. Sir Henry's brother was the gallant Captain Hardinge, of the Royal Navy, who fell in action, commanding H.M.S. the *Florence*, after capturing the Piedmontaise frigate.

"*Wyndham (Salisbury)*.—Wadham Wyndham, Esq. of the College, Salisbury, a landed proprietor in the counties of Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, and Devon, is son of the late Henry Penruddocke Wyndham, Esq., knight of the shire for Wilts from 1796 to 1812, and descends from a common ancestor with the Earls of Egremont, and the Wyndhams of Norfolk, whose representative was the late distinguished statesman. The hon. member's father was an especial favourite of George the Third; and on one occasion appeared at court in a coat made of dark striped coloured cloth. The king, mistaking it for French manufacture, at that time much worn, exclaimed, 'What, what, Wyndham in a French coat!' 'No, please your majesty, it is not French.' 'What then?' 'It is cloth made at Salisbury.' 'Then send me some of it.' This was done; it afterwards became fashionable, orders poured in, till every place in the city which could be rented to hold a loom was furnished with one; and by this incident, occupation and profit were procured to the inhabitants of Salisbury to a greater extent than at any preceding period. The member for Sarum was born 16th October, 1773, and married, 1st March, 1821, Anna Eliza, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Slade, Bart. He votes with the Tories."

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

[Third notice: conclusion of review of Dr. Granville.]  
It is justice to Dr. Granville, and the Royal Society, of which he is a member, we ought to state that the views we have hitherto taken refer chiefly to a time gone by; and that, since the period of misrule complained of by the writer, in common with Sir James South, Mr. Babbage, and others, he takes a different tone, particularly towards the royal president and the able individuals who have worked in the council since 1830. He fairly allows merit to whom merit is due; and, in honestly and zealously suggesting the reform of measures, he pays every proper respect to men. Not that he does not give a slap at Dr. Holland as a vice-president of the year 1835, whom he thinks (page 173) not of sufficient scientific attainments to preside at a council where such persons as Baily, Lubbock, Whewell, Brunei, Rennie, and Buckland, may have to discuss high questions; nor that he fails to impugn Sir John Barrow relative to some election or non-election of a candidate, which, however, seems to resolve itself into a personal concern, and entirely out of our way.

Having so far cleared off, we now come to the third section of the work before us, which treats of the improvements which Dr. Granville proposes for the better management of the Royal Society. On a glance back for five years, since the Duke of Sussex became president, it appears that 158 new members have been elected; but these have only produced nineteen papers within that time, viz.—one by Col. Sykes; three by Dr. Marshall Hall; one by F. Kiernan, Esq.; one by Alex. Barry, Esq.; one by T. S. Davies, Esq.; two by J. E. Gray, Esq.; four by W. Snow Harris, Esq.; one by

J. J. Lister, Esq.; three by R. Owen, Esq.; and two by H. R. Palmer, Esq.: the rest being all merely subscribing supernumeraries.

The mode of election has been somewhat amended, but is still, Dr. G. contends, susceptible of improvement.

With the exception of reading reports of the council on the nature and importance of memoirs presented to the Society, as recommended by Dr. G. in 1830, he does not think the meetings are rendered more interesting than heretofore. He seems to be in favour of *visà voce* discussion after the papers are read—a course which in itself is calculated to provoke much discussion. For our parts, we would say that the thirst for spouting is the last we should wish to encourage: it has become the bane of society, and of information and knowledge. The fatal gift of the gab, the noise of shallows, the blustering of fruitless winds, the echo imperfect of original sense, the clamorous stridor of emptiness, the wordiness of no or the tritest meaning, the fanfaronade of oratory, the no-mind mouthing, the *ci-devantism* and pseudoism of philosophy, the little conjectural attempts and the wonderfully polite innuendos of nothings—what an opening for them all in such a field as the Royal Society! In most other places the pretenders must cover their folly by seeming to have something to say *à propos* to the meeting or business in hand; but on this wide Pampas there could be no bound—the ocean on one side, and the Cordilleras on the other! Dr. Granville, however, argues this point in so ironical a manner, that we are not sure whether he advocates the nuisance or not (see pages 125, 6, &c.).

With regard to the publication or rejection from the Transactions of papers read, the author intimates that the decision is very unsatisfactory, the matter being frequently referred to incompetent individuals. He also deems it a hardship that the writers of papers not printed cannot have them again; but, even if accompanied by elaborate drawings, can only obtain permission to copy them, at their own expense, from the oblivious archives of the Society.\*

On the topic of the adjudication of the honorary rewards, Dr. G. holds that a great improvement has taken place. On the subject of the treasury, and its management and reports, he is not so amiable.

"The Royal Society has expended, since the commencement of the present century (a period of thirty-five years complete), 85,404l. 10s. 0½d. Of this sum, 26,787l. 10s. 7½d. belong to the last seven years—whereas, to the same number of years immediately preceding, 17,496l. 10s. 5d. only appertain. Here, then, we have a *primâ facie* augmentation, in the expenditure of the Society for the last seven years, amounting to no less than 9291l. Viewing again the general expenditure as referable to the two periods embraced by this work, the one of thirty years, the other of five, we find that, in the former period, the sum of 66,734l. 5s. 8½d. was expended; and, in the latter, 18,670l. 4s. 4½d. The former sum gives us a yearly average of 2224l. and a fraction, while the latter presents a yearly expenditure of 3734l.—showing, as I said before, a steady yearly increase of 1510l.

\* As a record of what has been published, we copy the following:—"A. In the last 35 years of the 17th century the Royal Society published 21 vols.; B. In the 18th century it published 69 vols.; C. In the first 35 years of the 19th century it published 35 vols.; total, 125 vols.—4166; those printed during the periods A. and B. were 4166; those printed during the first 30 years of period C. were 736; and 344 rejected; those printed during the last five years of period C. were 134, and 89 rejected; total, 5022, and 233 rejected."

And what, it may be asked, has the Royal Society done for science, with the expenditure of so enormous a sum, in the present century? It has published thirty-five quarto volumes of Transactions! Take these away, and what remains, any where—either in England or in the civilised world, generally—to record and perpetuate the amount of benefit effected for science by the Royal Society, with such vast means placed at its disposal for the purpose of 'improving natural knowledge?' What splendid discoveries has it been the means of eliciting?—what important series of experiments has it instituted?—what new principle in any subdivision of the physical universe has it established?—what, in fact, is the sum total of the benefit which has accrued to mankind from the disbursement of upwards of 85,000l. in thirty-five years? *Mihi non est responderere.* I do not imagine that any fellow would be tempted to mention the existence of a collection of instruments in the possession of the Society, as evidence of its endeavours to advance science, besides the publication of a work in thirty-five volumes! For—what with the acknowledged imperfect state of some, the apparent want of one uniform intention in the collection, and the paucity of the whole—the existence of such a collection of instruments had better not be made a subject of exultation; although the president and council, since 1830, have done right in directing a catalogue of them to be made and published for the use of the fellows at large. The thirty-five volumes in question, then, are the only real fruit produced by an incorporated society, of some six hundred gentlemen, who are chartered to improve science: and, as the machinery by which this result has been brought about has occasioned an expenditure of 85,464l. 10s. 0½d., it follows, that each of these volumes has cost 2440l.; which has, in fact, been the average amount of our annual expenditure! What different results might not the Society have given rise to, with such gigantic means in its possession, had it been differently constituted! I mean with regard to its machinery (for I disclaim every intention of casting blame or the smallest reflection on any individual). It is not my province now to enter upon this subject: yet, what a fertile field of imaginings and prospects—all calculated to effect much more, with fewer means (were the system for 'doing' but changed)—does not the consideration of these few financial facts present to the well-wisher of the Society and the friend of science!"

The author, however, most pointedly abhors the rulers of the society from the remotest suspicion of malversation; and enters into details to shew how the surplus money has been expended. He goes on to object to the manner of electing the officers and council, and particularly discusses the expense of secretaries, clerks, librarians, &c.; into the items of which we have no vocation to follow.

Upon the general question of Reform—"re-modelling the society"—the Doctor refers to his proposals in 1830, but adds other ideas, in consequence of the up-springing of the British Association in the following year, which has set the example of classification and committees.

"The British Association," he says, "might become at once 'the Royal Society,' if, in addition to its migratory meetings, it were to determine upon holding two meetings in London (a city at present excluded from its visitations, although its first and ruling board be located there), in each of the months of January, February, March, April, and May; following

precisely the same system and routine of operations which give such interest and *éclat* to their yearly meetings, and promise to render them still more useful to science and the nation. It would not be difficult to predict the future fate of the Royal Society, if such a measure as I have just hinted at were to be adopted by a general resolution of all the members present at the ensuing assembly of the British Association in Bristol. Who would attend the dull, monotonous, and uninteresting evening meetings of the Royal Society—at which neither distinction of scientific subjects nor of scientific men is observed—at which not a word of illustration is suffered to drop, or is ever heard—at which the monotony of a tame reader, struggling through the difficulties of a MS. not in his handwriting, becomes irresistibly soporific—at which the incessant mummery of a ballot is for ever interrupting the attention of the audience—at which the never-ceasing 'Is it your pleasure to do so and so?' keeps the chairman at the only work he has to perform at the meeting—at which the display of improper feeling, in casting the stigma of exclusion on our equals, is many a time, and too often, witnessed—at which, in fine, nothing is done to attach and rivet the attention of the fellows and visitors? Who, I repeat, would attend such meetings, if they could (as was the case last year in Dublin, and no doubt was the case at Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, where the Association met in previous years) attend, in this great metropolis, the sectional meetings of the British Association, each according to his inclination and taste for a particular science—take part in, or listen to its generally interesting proceedings and debates—or frequent more than one of such sectional assemblies in succession, where he would meet with some of the most brilliant luminaries of British science, casting a vivid light on every subject they touched? Or if they had an opportunity, through their own claims, as scientific and working men, to attend the sectional committees, where the management of the proceedings of their respective sections is arranged, and previously discussed; where inquiries and experiments are proposed or read, and reports settled; and where questions for future investigation are suggested? Or if, by virtue of their published contributions to scientific knowledge, they had acquired the right of sitting at the board of the general committee,—consisting, necessarily, of what science can boast of its most assiduous suitors, and at which they would listen with admiration and edification to the friendly contention of eager talents, engaged in the same great work of promoting human knowledge?"

We are not sure that we can go the length of the author on the subject of such popular meetings, as the British Association must of necessity be, in London. Numbers would smother science; and, indeed, even in its migratory and provincial course, this has been its principal drawback. A CROWD of philosophers must be the grossest of human absurdities. As for their co-operating by labour to any extraordinary end, discovery, or effect, the supposition is ludicrous. The grand, and the truly useful objects, to be fairly expected from such meetings, are, that able men may bring forward matters they have not the means to mature, and will find minds and other aids to help them on; that the collision of intellect may produce glorious results; that persons of fine qualities, but limited by circumstances to confined information, may meet with those who can set them right, tell them what has been done in the lines



they are zealously pursuing, and point them to what are the desiderata of their course; and that the kindly feelings of good fellowship are thereby opened to all who love the pleasant though laborious paths of science. Whoever expects much more from the British Association will be disappointed: if it achieves less, it will be owing to the mismanagement of those who have hitherto, on the whole, conducted its affairs so well.

Presuming, therefore, that the British Association never can, and never ought to, supersede the Royal Society, we have only to express our wish that the latter will be true to itself—intelligent, not dull—philosophical, not stupid—experimental, not frivolous. The other societies which have, in our day, branched from it, are active and enterprising. Astronomy, geography, zoology, geology, statistics, antiquities, natural history (Linnean, entomological), horticulture, the useful arts, literature (R.S.L.), and other minor divisions, have all been withdrawn from its general canopy, and specifically undertaken by ardent investigators. What, then, remains for the *Old Royals*, but to assume the highest stand and station in their Transactions, to direct their inquiries to the most important objects, and to encourage the most learned and gifted men of the age to make their camp the emporium of what is truly eminent in science and excellent in discovery? This is not easy, but it is worthy of the first scientific body in Britain; and if the well-devised attempt did not procure a full consummation, it would, at least, do honour to the Society and benefit to science.

Having now finished what has been suggested to us by Dr. Granville's volume (which, rightly taken, ought to produce good effects), we may ask permission not to dismiss our humorous friend, Sir John Hill, without a *valet*. The following is an ironical touch at a practice against which, as tending to the utter confusion of science, we have always raised our humble voice:

"It has been a custom with the botanical writers of this complaisant age to give to any new plant they discover, the name of some friend or correspondent, or of somebody whom they are desirous the world should be informed that they had the honour to be known to. We have not a great deal to say as to the idea such names as these convey of the plant they are given to; but as they serve to commemorate the friendship and esteem that once existed between the several professors of the same science, and give them an easy opportunity of immortalising one another's names, we think they are of very public emolument and utility."

We finish with his conclusion, which is still not inapplicable:

"We have thus gone through an examination into the real merits of a very considerable number of the papers which have hitherto been esteemed the best and most unexceptionable in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, called, by the publishers of them, Philosophical ones. We flatter ourselves it will appear that they are not what that society, when they heard them read, and afterwards ordered them to be printed in their name, believed them to be; and we hope such a conviction as that body must receive of the truth of this will plead in favour of a more strict inquiry into the merits of what shall be offered hereafter, and that in better time. \* \* \* We cannot but wish the men of eminence in other parts of the world may be informed, that the ignorance of the Royal Society is not epidemic among us; nor would suffer them to sup-

pose they have a right to say the English are in an error on any subject, because an erroneous account of it appears in the Philosophical Transactions."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk, as exhibited in a Narrative of her sufferings during a Residence of five years in a Nunnery, and two years as a Black Nun, in the Hotel Dieu Nunnery at Montreal.* 18mo. pp. 221. (London, Groombridge.)—Of the authorship of this volume we know nothing; and cannot, therefore, judge what, or if any, degree of credit can be attached to it. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with stating that it represents the nunnery named to be a place of the most boundless profligacy and atrocious crime: the nuns, a hundred and eighty in number, are forced to promiscuous prostitution by the priests; their infants, when any are born, immediately baptised and strangled, and the most horrible murders perpetrated without remorse. In short, the whole as a perpetual scene of guilt and carnage, to a degree at which belief revolts and humanity recoils.

*The Life of the Rev. Josiah Thompson, &c.,* by Nathan Oliver. 12mo. pp. 208. (London, Rivingtons.)—Under the veil of the biography of a Burger secession minister this volume draws a humiliating picture of the follies and vices of the voluntary system in regard to the religion of a people. Partly by ridicule, and partly by argument, the writer exposes its inefficiency, shews the evils to which the practice is exposed, and contends that it tends to break down and destroy all the best bonds of society.

*Miscellaneous, &c.,* by J. Finlay, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. 12mo. pp. 202. (Dublin, Cumming; London, Whittaker.)—Mr. Finlay treats, de quibusdam aliis, our foreign relations with many countries, history, poetry, oratory, Irish coal mines, paper manufactures, small farms, the Malthusian creed, the isthmus of Darien, the drama, and the principal actors, &c. &c. The variety of subjects is great, and the manner altogether so desultory, that we can only say it is a strange medley with talent and information, but so higgledy-piggledy, that the reader must take his chance of finding the latter on any point he wants.

*Pencilings by the Way,* by N. P. Willis, Esq. 2dedit. 3 vols. (London, Macrone.)—A brief preface introduces this second edition to others, and in it Mr. Willis takes occasion to gratulate himself on the sale of a large impression, and vindicates his "Pencilings" from those reviewers who he thinks expected more recondite matter from them than the slowness of the title warranted. In the body of the work he has corrected some previous errors; such, for example, as describing Edward Bulwer as a short man; but he has not amended them all. Of this there is a ludicrous example at page 240, vol. iii., where he gravely tells us, that the *greyhounds* at Gordon Castle are hanged, if ever, in coursing the hare, they "abandoned the scent to cut across and intercept the poor animal"! This must be an extraordinary blunder: as there never were any other greyhounds endowed with the gift of coursing by scent. At page 132, the author also interpolates an apology, or justification, for publishing private descriptions and anecdotes, on the ground that doing so in America is "quite a different thing from publishing such letters in London;" which is, after all, but a lame excuse, and the more lame when it appears in a London publication.

*Genealogical and Historical History of the Commoners of Great Britain, Part XII.,* by John Burke, Esq. (Published for Colburn by Bentley, &c.)—A portrait of Mr. Coke of Holkham ornaments this Part, in which Mr. Burke ably and successfully pursues his interesting labour. The biographies of the principal gentry of the three kingdoms are full of curious matter; and this portion of the work contains some well-known names, such as Meyrick, Landor, Brodie, Kyrle, &c. &c.

*My Old House; or, the Doctrine of Chances.* 12mo. pp. 320. (Edinburgh, Clark; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, Curry.)—A philosophical investigation of all the great questions which most intimately affect mankind; and, drawing from the past, speculates on the future destinies of the human race and the world we inhabit. It is a work of great ability, where the best feelings are combined with the purest principles, and the most momentous inquiries are conducted in a manner becoming an enlightened being.

*The Roman Catholic Church in Scotland,* by J. Parker Lawson, M.A. author of "The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud." 12mo. pp. 320. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.; Glasgow, Smith and Son; Aberdeen, Brown and Co.; Dublin, Curry; Belfast, Archer.)—An interesting history of the establishment, subversion, and present condition of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland. It is a plain detail of facts, and, besides condensing those familiar to the Scottish annals, brings forward original and curious matters from sources either hitherto unconsulted or little known. As a separate whole, though a small and unpretending volume, it is a very valuable contribution to our national historical works. Towards his conclusion the author considers the Romish religion as now struggling for ascendancy in Britain under the guise of claiming political rights. There are three vicars-apostolic for Scotland (not bishops of Scottish sees nominally, but such as are sent in *paribus infidelibus*), who have three towns assigned to their charge. Their residences are Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The priesthood amounts to sixty-nine, and the stations to fifty-four; and, including Irish Roman Catholics, cal-

culated about 60,000, the number in Scotland is thought to be above 120,000. A nunnery on a noble scale was established last year in Edinburgh; chapels have been built, and the religious ceremonies are observed with much publicity.

*Primitive Christianity in Ireland; a Letter to T. Moore, Esq. from H. J. Monk Mason, LL.D.* Pp. 144. (Dublin, Curry; London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—In this Letter Dr. Mason assails the first volume of Moore's "History of Ireland," which, he contends, gives an erroneous account of the "first" introduction of Christianity into that country, and an utterly mistaken notion of the doctrine preached by the first missionaries, teachers, and saints. He considers Mr. Moore to be unfitted for the task of a faithful historian of Ireland by his Romish partialities, his want of knowledge of the native language, and his idleness; and he charges him with sins of ignorance and misrepresentation. The gist of the argument is, that Ireland was not papal till conquered by Henry II.; so that, in fact, the Saxons did not introduce Protestantism, but Popery, into the country.

*Debreit's Complete Peerage of the United Kingdom,* &c. 21st Edition, carefully revised. Edited by W. Courthope, Esq. London, Rivingtons, &c. Every new edition of a work of this description being susceptible of improvement, to notice that the present is the twenty-first, is to say that that which was originally useful and valuable is now much more so; since many of the errors inseparable from the first compilation have been gradually corrected, and such other amendments and additions introduced as have tended to render the volume complete in reference to its purpose.

*The Wanderer,* by C. M. J., Author of "The Promise." Pp. 293. (Liverpool, Marples and Co.; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—A slight medley of prose and verse, which has hardly enough of merit to deserve especial notice.

*The Messiah,* by the Rev. R. Montgomery. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—A fifth edition, very neatly got up, countenances our early opinion of this, which we still consider the best of Mr. Montgomery's productions.

*The Book of Flowers,* by Mrs. Hale. Pp. 372. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—A sweet and pretty little ladies' book, in which a multitude of favourite flowers are illustrated by verses selected from popular poets. It was only sent to be a flower itself.

*The Life of Rodney,* by Lieut.-General Mundy. Pp. 283. (London, Carpenter and Son.)—Agreeably to the fashion of the day, how much we are indebted to Mr. Carpenter for giving us, in the cheap form, a new edition of the life of one who needs no prefixes or titles—the bare word, *RODNEY*, is enough. How glowing it is even now, after Nelson has become a name and a memory, to read the exploits of that gallant *Amiral* who, despising the "l'âge de bataille dans l'ordre nouveau," showed that British courage was the natural order of battle for victory, and hewed the way for the immortal period which, within the present century, raised British naval glory to its climax. We despond not, we doubt not; but circumstances can never again render it possible to lift the flag of England to the height it has attained. The life of Rodney is a naval classic, and a national triumph.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THOMAS MURDOCH, Esq. in the chair.—A long letter from Sir John Ross, on the projected expedition in quest of the north-west passage, was read. We have not room for this document, in which Sir John, although decidedly in favour of the expediency of such an expedition as was recommended at the preceding meeting by Sir John Franklin, differs from him as to the plans proposed to carry it into effect; it being understood that two bombships, such as were commanded by Sir Edward Parry, are to be employed. He is of opinion, that "if ships, such as the *Terror* and *Erebus*, are sent on this service with the intention of 'trying their luck,' either by keeping the north shore of Barrow Strait, or by taking the ice (which has not, however, been proposed), the probability is, that they and their crews will never be heard of." Sir John, as usual, talks of his great pecuniary sacrifices!! and adds: "both Sir Edward Parry and myself have been of opinion, that between the shore and the ice is the best chance of making progress, and I am still of the same opinion; and I think that, if the question is ever decided, it must be by keeping close to the southern shore from Cape Walker westward. I must observe that, unless the winter preceding the season in which the expedition sails is found to have been mild in North America, Russia, and Lapland, there is no chance of success. It was in consequence of

the reports which I obtained from thence, at a considerable expense, that I determined to persevere, after the meeting of the John, and other untoward circumstances. In short, let the ships be ready to take advantage of a favourable season. I regret that my remarks may not accord with the opinions of some of the Society's most influential members, but trust that justice will be done to my motives."—A portion of the remainder of Lieut. Wellsted's narrative of observations on the coast of Arabia, was also read. We really find it impossible to fulfil our promise of analysing this paper, for it is nearly all taken up with a description of the topography of the coast. The author observes, in the outset, that, had circumstances permitted Burckhardt to have traversed the sea-coast of Arabia, between Juddah and the entrance of the Gulf of Akabah, the accuracy and extent of his information would, without doubt, have left little to be gleaned by any subsequent visitor; but it will be remembered that the researches of Burckhardt on that coast were confined to the cities of Juddah and Yembo, and that the remaining portion was but cursorily visited by him. On this account Lieutenant Wellsted said, that he was induced to hope his remarks might possess a value to which they would otherwise have no claim. The observations of the author extend over a survey from Ras (or Cape) Mohammed, which is the southern extreme of the Peninsula of Sinai, to Juddah, and reveal many very curious and interesting particulars relative to the country, and the Arab tribes who inhabit it.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 9th.—Charles Lyell, Esq., president, in the chair. — A memoir was read, On the remains of mammalia found in a range of mountains at the southern foot of the Himalayas, between the Sutlej and the Burhampooter, by Captain Cautley, F.G.S., and communicated by Mr. Royle. As these mountains are not known to the inhabitants or geographers by a distinct name, Captain Cautley, to avoid the confusion arising from the terms "Lower Hills," "Sub-Himalayas," and many similar, has adopted the word Sewalik, which was formerly applied to that portion of the chain lying between the Ganges and the Jumna. The range is, in some places, connected with the Himalayas by a succession of low mountains, but in others is separated from them by valleys varying in breadth from three to ten miles. The average width of the chain is about seven miles, and the height 2000 or 2500 feet, the loftiest peaks not exceeding 3000 feet above the level of the sea, or 1500 above that of the adjacent plains. The formations of which the mountains are composed consist of marls, sandstones, and conglomerates, inclined at angles varying from 15° to 35°, and generally to the north; but the sections on the banks of the rivers sometimes present an antediluvian axis, when the strata dip both to the north and the south. The conglomerates are composed of pebbles of granite, gneiss, mica-slate, quartz, and other rocks, derived from the Himalayas; and Captain Cautley observes, that the beds of the existing rivers contain, in great abundance, exactly similar pebbles. The sandstones consist of grains of quartz, cemented by oxide, or iron, or carbonate of lime, and are sometimes quarried for architectural purposes. They generally contain carbonaceous matter, either as distinct fragments, exhibiting vegetable structure, or as minute disseminated particles; and in the Kalowala pass, one of the entrances to the valley Deyra, the author found

elliptical masses of sandstone thinly coated with coal. In the hills between the Jumna and the Ganges, the remains of mammalia had been noticed only in the marl; and in those to the westward of the Jumna, only in the sandstone. In the former district, the distribution of the organic remains, obtained by Captain Cautley, was as follows:—

*Conglomerate*.—Lignite, scarce.

*Sandstone*.—Trunks of dicotyledonous trees in great abundance, lignite, and remains of reptiles.

*Marl*.—Remains of a species of *anthracotherium* bear, castor, deer, horse, gavia, crocodile, tortoises, fishes, and fresh-water shells.

The sandstones west of the Jumna have yielded a still greater number of mammalian remains, those hitherto determined belonging to the mastodon, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hog, horse, deer, carnivora (canine and feline), crocodile, gavia, tortoise, and fishes. With respect to the age of these formations, the author appears to agree with the opinion of his friend, Dr. Falconer, and to consider them as synchronous with the deposits near Prome, in the Irawadi, from which Mr. Craufurd obtained such stores of similar remains. The memoir was accompanied by a large collection of the bones, in a fine state of preservation, and presented to the Society's museum by Captain Cautley.

## LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Duke of Somerset in the chair.—There was read, Some account of a species of agave (*Aloe*) introduced accidentally into the Dekkan. By Colonel Sykes. This species proves, on examination, to be identical with the *Agave cubensis* of Jacquin, a native of the island of Cuba and the Brazil. Like several others of the genus, it has a great tendency to produce bulbs in the axillæ of its bractæ, and when they happen to be abundant, the plant very rarely perfects seeds. These bulbs retain their vitality for a very long time, and under almost any circumstances, so that the plants are easily transported from one country to another. This fact, together with the facility with which they multiply and become naturalized, renders it often difficult to trace the species to their original localities. Amongst the presents were several volumes of the Memoirs of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg, and the first volume of the Transactions of the Agricultural Society of Odessa. Mr. Anderson exhibited, from the Apothecaries' Garden, at Chelsea, a plant, in flower, of the *Ornithogalum oxypetalum* of Ledebour.

## INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

This Society held an ordinary meeting on Monday evening last, P. F. Robinson, Esq., V. P. in the chair. Among the donations announced were,—10l., from Mr. Gardner, of Bath; two splendid drawings of St. Paul's Cathedral, from Mr. Morant; and a fine collection of casts of Gothic details, from Mr. Vallis. Some interesting letters from foreign corresponding members having been read to the meeting, Mr. F. L. Donaldson, the secretary, described Mr. Brunel's method of constructing brick arches of large span without centering, a notice of which we put before our readers some time since. Mr. Geo. Godwin, jun., associate, then read a paper, which appeared to excite some interest, on the Freemasons and their works; pointing out the great debt which architecture owes to the talents and industry of that singular band of men, whom we have almost ceased to remember other than as associated for benevolent and convivial purposes.

The paper concluded with some remarks on their internal government, and the ancient charges by which they were governed.

## MARTELBONE LITERARY INSTITUTION.

On the evening of Monday last the Rev. J. Mudry delivered the first of a series of lectures on the origin of the French language at the end of the eleventh century, and its progressive improvement up to the fourteenth century; with a rapid review of the Troubadours, and a history of the Trouvères, to prove that the latter were the parents and praiseworthy propagators of the modern French language. In this lecture, Mr. Mudry established his premises; viz., that the genius of the Celtic language shared in the formation of the Greek; that the Greek and the Celtic, meeting afterwards in Latium, produced the Latin or Roman language; and, finally, that the same Celtic or Gallic genius seems to have brought back into the land of the Gauls, the Greek, the Latin, and the old Celtic of the north, to share with the Gallico-Celtic in the construction of the modern French language. The lecture evinced much learning and research, and familiarity with the English language surprising in a foreigner, who, we believe, has been but a few years in this country, and who was wholly unacquainted with the language on his arrival. Mr. Mudry was listened to with profound attention by a numerous and respectable audience; who, at the close of the lecture, testified their approbation by loud plaudits.

*The Royal Institution*.—After Dr. Arnot's interesting lecture on the construction of fire-places, and economy of fuel and heat, yesterday week, Mr. Faraday mentioned, in a manner peculiarly modest and insinuating, that a few friends and members of the Institution had raised 300l. by a private subscription for new fronting and beautifying their house. This he was called on to state, because other friends and well-wishers had complained of the circumstance not being made known. The whole sum required was 500l., and Mr. Vulliamy had presented the design, drawings, &c. gratuitously. We afterwards heard in the rooms that the Duke of Somerset, the president, had given 100l., and that other subscribers were coming forward liberally.

## VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

THE *Hobart Town Courier*, of the 28th of August, contains the notice of a paper read to a Medical Society, "On the climate of Van Diemen's Land," by Dr. Dempster, who had visited that country from India, for the benefit of his health. The following portions seem to us to be worthy of the English public:—

"The climate of Australia has undoubtedly the effect of distinctly modifying the human race even in the first generation. Almost without exception the children have fair and blue eyes, they grow up tall and thin, and soon arrive at puberty; in character they are energetic, intelligent, and courageous, and believe themselves a great improvement on the parent stock. This is more strictly a description of the Sydney youth. The rising generation of Van Diemen's Land (for there the first generation is only yet rising), promise to assimilate to the character of their neighbours; although I anticipate they will excel them in bone and muscle."

"Rheumatism, both acute and chronic, is often severe and obstinate. Acute inflammation of the lungs is of frequent occurrence; and, if not treated in the most active manner, proceeds rapidly to a fatal termination. The number of persons afflicted with mania, and structural diseases of the heart and great vessels is, I think, very great; they are almost all convicts."

"The mean temperature even of summer is extremely moderate; and any condition of the atmosphere favourable to the production of miasmata cannot continue long in operation, by reason of the frequent vicissitudes."

"The annual quantity of rain which falls is less than in England. The country is in general elevated, and the water speedily carried off by running streams. High

winds prevail at all seasons of the year: and the tall and scantily leaved forest trees admit a free circulation of air through most parts of the unenclosed country. Dead leaves, and other decaying vegetable matter, are consumed by the fires which often take place in the forest during summer. It is worthy of remark, that scarcely a forest tree is to be found, in any part of the island, which does not bear on its trunk marks of burning.

### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

#### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 10th. — The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. C. Alderson, Magdalen Hall; Rev. W. Butler, Queen's College; W. J. E. Rooke, G. B. Sandford, Brasenose College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—H. W. Freeland, Christ Church College; J. F. Fagg, University College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 8th. — The degree of M.A. was conferred, by royal mandate, on D. Cottrell, St. John's College, and H. Matthew, Sidney College.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair. — A portion was read of an essay, by Mr. C. R. Smith, of Lothbury, on the Roman remains discovered in the several excavations in the city, commencing with the site of St. Michael's church, Crooked Lane, in 1822, Eastcheap, Newgate Street, and Lothbury, down to the present time, and describing a large and varied collection, which he laid on the table. He stated the course of the stream of Walbrook, which anciently divided the city from north to south, the bed of which has lately been dug into at Lothbury, and where the most interesting relics, such as fibulae, rings, knives, pins, &c. have been principally found — the greatest quantity of pottery having been discovered about Eastcheap. Mr. Smith presented accurate sketches of several of the specimens, and of a numerous collection of the potters' marks.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

##### Monday.

Statistical, 8 P.M. — Marylebone, 8½ P.M. — Mr. Buckingham on Travels in the East: and following Monday.

Russell Institution, 8 P.M.

Dr. Lardner on Steam Engines, and their application to the purposes of transport by land and sea: and two following Mondays.

##### Tuesday.

Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M. — Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. — Zoological, 8½ P.M. — Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

##### Wednesday.

Society of Arts, 7½ P.M. — Geological, 8½ P.M. — London Institution, 7 P.M.

##### Thursday.

Royal Society, 8½ P.M. — Antiquaries, 8 P.M. — Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

##### Friday.

Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

### FINE ARTS.

#### NEW SOCIETY.

A MEETING of the New Society, for encouraging the Fine Arts, was held last Saturday at Mr. Dominic Colnaghi's, from whom, we believe, came the original suggestion for forming such an Institution; and, Mr. Haviland Burke being called to the chair, the proposed rules were read, amended, and passed. A committee of sixteen gentlemen was then elected to carry the views of the Society into effect; and the meeting, having thus established it on an immediately active and efficient foundation, adjourned.

THE Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, open their gallery for the private view to-day, and for exhibition on Monday next;

and, judging from what we have been allowed to see of the collection, it is decidedly the best that has appeared in their rooms, and is well calculated to attract the attention of the public generally, as well as to gratify the admirers and encouragers of native talent. In every department of art will be found examples of great interest, from the sublime to the ridiculous:

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

For instance, Mr. Haydon has two subjects, the one from sacred, the other from profane history, which in character and colouring can hardly be surpassed; whilst his *Falstaff* and *John Bull* are in the extreme of comic art. His *Falstaff* is, perhaps, one of the most original that has ever been painted. Among other leading features in the gallery are, *Jerusalem, as seen under the awful Effect of Darkness described in the New Testament*, by Linton; *Wat Tyler*, by the Messrs. Foggo, — a striking specimen of the terrible in art, not unworthy the pencil of Spagnoletti; *Cupid bending his Bow*, by Hurlstone, — one of the most successful and beautiful of the productions of this rapidly rising artist, who has evidently derived great benefit from his recent visit to Italy; *Uswater*, by T. C. Hoffland; *A Smuggler on the Look-out*, by Parker, — one of the most extraordinary pictures ever painted; and numerous clever works by Clint, Prentis, Clater, R. T. Lonsdale, Pidding, Roberts, Allen, Tennant, Wilson, Chambers, Pyne, Mrs. Pearson, &c. The water-coloured drawings and miniatures keep pace in interest and excellence with the rest of the collection. In our next we shall enter into details.

*Wyatt's Equestrian Statue of George III.* — We have learned, with more than common gratification, that his Majesty has graciously communicated to the Committee (whose proceedings we illustrated three weeks ago) his royal pleasure that this noble group shall be erected under HIS PATRONAGE; and that the queen has also signified her consent to be a patroness of the same loyal and patriotic expression of public feeling and gratitude. Under such auspices, there can remain not the slightest doubt of the appeal of the Committee being amply responded to, and this splendid monument erected in a style worthy of the subject and of the fine arts of Britain, on the 4th of June.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*All that remains of the Glory of William Smith.* Painted by Edwin Landseer; engraved by John Pye. London, E. G. Moon; Oxford, Wyatt and Son.

"EVERY dog (quothe the old saying) has his day:" thanks to Landseer and Pye, this dog, though nameless, will have more. It is a delicious print, and just one of those serio-comic sports with which men of genius love to diversify their graver labours. The portrait is of a dog, with one eye blind, who, wounded in the leg by a musket-shot, lay down on the field of Waterloo by the side of William Smith, of the 101st regiment, whose limb had been carried off by a cannon-ball. Hence a natural sympathy and friendship. Smith died a year ago, and his faithful partner is represented, when in invalid health, leaning against the mattress on which he died. The accessories, wooden-leg and all, are firely conceived, and admirably engraved.

*Shall I resign?* Painted by B. R. Haydon; engraved by G. R. Ward. F. G. Moon.

THE second title of this curious and singular little print accurately describes the subject of

it, viz. "Earl Grey musing, after a day's labour, in his room in Downing Street; sketched from life, with the furniture and room of the First Lord of the Treasury, faithfully copied." A more interesting peep at a distinguished statesman, in his private moments of meditation, was never produced; and the idea of producing it could have been conceived only by a man of original and extraordinary mind. We were so fortunate as to hear the celebrated and affecting speech in which this venerable nobleman communicated to the House of Lords his retirement from office; and undoubtedly the spirit of that speech strongly manifests itself in the countenance of Mr. Haydon's portrait, which is as like and as characteristic in figure as it is in face.

*The Blind Boy, &c.* London, Chappell.

THIS affecting and simple old ballad is here composed and arranged for the piano by Herman Bonn, a lad sixteen years of age. A German translation, by Dr. Henrich Fick, accompanies it; and the Dr. has added some congenial English words, though not quite maintaining the touching simplicity of the original. Nothing can exceed the pathetic question —

"O, say, what is the thing called light,  
Which I can ne'er enjoy?"

The whole is, however, very sweet and pleasing.

*Smugglers Quarrelling.* Painted by H. P. Parker; engraved by T. Lupton. Ackermann and Co.

ONE of the scenes which are, no doubt, of almost daily occurrence among such desperadoes; the creatures of fierce impulse, sanguinary, and wholly reckless of consequences. Of the picture we have heretofore spoken: it is, perhaps, Mr. Parker's most successful effort in this, his favourite class of subjects. The action and expression of the figures are admirable; and the caboose, windlass, anchor, water-butts, tackles, and other furniture of the fore-castle, are introduced with great breadth and effect. The plate is finely engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. Lupton.

*A Highland Shepherd's Dog rescuing a Sheep from a Snow Drift.* Painted by Edwin Landseer, R. A.; drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Ackermann and Co.

WHAT a contrast does the story told in the print under our notice present to that of the one which we have just mentioned; and how honourable is that contrast to the animal character! It is an exhibition of canine fidelity, sagacity, activity, and kindness, such as only Mr. Landseer could have done justice to on canvass, or Mr. Lane on stone.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

I WONDER why, when triflers try

Poetic skill to prove,  
Their wilful muse will aid refuse,  
Unless the theme be love.

She then complies, and off she flies,

Of Helicon\* just sips;

Then dreams of sighs, of beaming eyes,  
Kind hearts, and ruby lips.

\* Helicon.

A fountain on a mountain,  
Which to Pegasus is owing;  
Who kicked the ground, when, lo! he found  
A sparkling river flowing.  
For its uses ask the Muses,  
Who bait at this libation;  
Sure water pure would ne'er ensure  
Such frequent visitation.  
When Muses thirst, which oft they must;  
For dry they always are,



Dark flowing locks the raven mocks,  
The teeth with ivory vie;  
The snowy skin, the dimpled chin,  
Sound well in poetry.

She summons doves to rhyme with love,  
And hearts with darts she fixes;  
From Cupid's bow springs always wo,  
Alloy with joy then mixes.

Although the trees must raise a breeze,  
And boughs with vows be hung;  
Yet Damon's lute is next to mute,  
And Lyra's lyre 's unstrung.

While constant swains raise sylvan strains,  
Which quiver o'er the river;  
Poor hapless maids seek moonlight glades,  
Where zephyr echoes zephyr.

Some ardent youth, with fervent truth,  
And grace with face combined;  
Poor Sue pursues, and sues and woos,  
Kindest of womankind.

By Hymen's torch they gain the porch,  
Where hands in bands united;  
First comes a kiss, then follows bliss,  
Which proves true love 's required.

Whoever, then, would wield a pen  
In rhyme (short time will show it)  
Must be a lover, he 'll discover,  
Before he 'll be a poet;

And be loved, too, or it won't do.  
This verse is so like *Thyrsis*,\*  
I now declare I quite despair  
Of ever writing verses.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

THE author of the "Siller Gun," of whom we spoke so warmly only a few weeks ago, (see *L. G.*, No. 991.) is now beyond the reach of public favour or applause. John Mayne died at South Bank, Regent Park, on Monday, at an advanced age. He was a native of Dumfriesshire, and a poet from nature. His descriptions, though local, are eminently graphic and characteristic; and his feeling and sentiment invariably just and touching. Mr. Mayne was for many years connected with the London press, and ever distinguished by gentlemanly manners and integrity of life.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LEGENDS OF TARTARY. NO. II.

OF THE BIRMAN'S SON.

WHEN the son of the chan was carrying away Sidi, as formerly, Ssidi related this new tale.

"Many years ago there lived in a certain country a son of a Birman, who disposed of his lands for three bales of cloth, loaded his ass with the same, and betook himself therewith unto a neighbouring country. On his way he encountered a crowd of children, who had tied a string round the neck of a mouse; by means of which they kept throwing it into the water, and dragging it out again. And he took pity upon the poor animal, and said, 'Children, do not behave thus cruelly; but let the poor mouse escape and live.' But the children said, 'We will not let the mouse escape. What hast thou to do with it?' Upon this the son of the Birman said, 'What shall I give you for the mouse?' And when he had given them a bale of cloth he let the mouse escape.

They mount this hill, swill down a gill,  
Just measure in the bar;  
And, when they like, they make a strike,  
For all the world like fiddlers;  
And won't rehearse a single verse  
Unless they have their riglars.

\* See *Corydon* and *Thyrsis*.

"And as he journeyed on, he saw another crowd of children teasing an ape, which they had caught. 'Come up!' cried they unto the ape, and beat it. But because the ape was very young, they called out to it in vain, 'come up!' In vain did they beat it. But the man had pity for the ape, and said to the children, 'Let the ape go!' But the children would not let the ape go; so he gave these children a roll of cloth, and let the poor beast run at liberty over the desert.

"And when the son of the Birman had continued his journey for some time, he found, not far from a city, another crowd of children, who had caught a young bear, and were teasing it, by riding upon it. And out of pity he gave these children the remainder of the cloth, and let the bear run loose into the forest.

"But because he had thus got rid of all his cloth, the son of the Birman communed with himself, as he was driving his ass, and said, 'I came here to traffic; but, since my wares are all gone, I must needs go into the palace of the chan and steal.'

"Thus thinking, he tied up his ass in a thicket of the forest, went into the store-chamber of the chan, placed a bale of silk upon his shoulders, and made off with it. But the wife of the chan discovered him at the entrance, and cried out, with a loud voice, 'The palace has been robbed!' Whereupon the people immediately assembled together, the thief was taken, and led before the chan. 'Since thou hast been guilty of such an unheard-of crime,' said the chan, 'thou shalt be placed in a chest, and the chest shall be closed with a nail of iron, and cast into the waters.'

"After these words, the chest was cast into the waters, but remained floating upon a piece of wood. Since, however, the air in the chest was very confined, and there was not much in it, the Birman's son was nigh fainting, when something at the top began to pull at the nail. When the son of the Birman looked at the opening which was thus made, he perceived the mouse which he had purchased and set free. And the mouse said, 'Wait until I summon my companions.' And as the son of the Birman breathed the fresh air he did not faint. Then the mouse led the ape to the spot, and related to him the whole affair. Then the ape widened the opening, and the bear with his might opened the chest, so that the man came out and laid himself down upon a grassy island. And they all three brought him fruit thereto, and meat and drink of every kind. On the following morning the man perceived something shining very brightly in the water, and he sent the ape in to fetch it out, and the ape did so, and brought him a bird's egg; and this was a wonder-stone.

"Then the son of the Birman wished himself out of the water, and obtained his wish. In the midst of an open plain there arose a Palace, with stables for horses and mules, and other buildings. Around it grew trees of every kind; in the palace were costly treasures in abundance. What the son of the Birman wished was all accomplished by watchful eyes.

"After some time great merchants came to this spot, and when they beheld it they were astonished. 'What is this?' exclaimed they; 'formerly this was but a desert spot, and now how wonderfully it is changed! And the head man among the merchants betook himself to the son of the Birman, and inquired of him concerning these wonders. And he related to him how they came to pass, and drew forth the wonder-stone; then said Ssardawagi, 'Take all that we have, but give us this. All

our horses and sumpter beasts, and all their lading, shall be thine, if thou wilt but give this talisman unto us.'

"After these words, Ssardawagi took the wonder-stone. But the son of the Birman, when he awoke, found himself in the midst of the flood upon the grassy island before mentioned. All had vanished.

"And as he sat there weeping, came up to him his three companions, saying, 'What has befallen thee?' And when he had told them all, they said, 'Verily thou art an unlucky man. But whither went the man with the stone? we three will go in search of it.'

"And when they came to the dwelling of the mighty Ssardawagi, the ape and the bear said unto the mouse, 'The entrance is, in good sooth, barred against us; but go thou, O mouse, and discover where lies the wonder-stone.' The cunning mouse crept through the keyhole, saw Ssardawagi sleeping in a richly decorated chamber, and on the end of an arrow the wonder-stone. But the arrow was thrust into a great heap of rods, near which two cats lay fastened. On account of the cats, the mouse did not dare to draw nigh unto the wonder-stone, and therefore turned back and related to its two companions all that it had seen. 'Now, since there can be no help for it,' said the bear, 'let us straight go back again.' But the ape said, 'There may yet be found a way. Go, mouse, back to Ssardawagi and gnaw his hair, and we shall see what is to be done to-morrow night.' So the mouse went and gnawed his hair. And when Ssardawagi awoke in the morning, and found that his hair had been gnawed, he was sore displeased, and said, 'This night the mice have gnawed my hair. I will take care this shall not happen again; I will henceforth have the cats fastened to my pillow.'

"On the following evening the bear and the ape found themselves again before his door, and said to the mouse, 'Go and steal the wonder-stone.' The mouse went, and was glad, for there were no cats lying close to the heap of rods, but the arrow was so long that the mouse could not reach the wonder-stone. So it went empty back again. 'Now, since there can be no help for it,' said the bear, 'let us straight go back again.' But the ape said, 'There may yet be found a way; go, mouse, and rummage about the heap of rods until the arrow falls down, then take the wonder-stone and bring it in thy mouth unto us.'

"Thus spake the ape, and sent the mouse forth. And the mouse took the talisman, and brought it to the keyhole, but no further, for the wonder-stone was too heavy. Therefore it let the wonder-stone lie there, and went back to its companions. 'Now there can be no help for it,' said the bear; 'neither the ape nor I can creep through the keyhole, so straight let us go back again.' But the ape said, 'There may yet be found a way. Mouse, I have fastened a string to your tail; go, then, lay tight hold of the wonder-stone with all four feet, and I will drag you out by the string.'

"So at last the wonder-stone was by this string drawn out at the keyhole, but the poor mouse was sadly tired. Then the ape took the wonder-stone in his mouth and got upon the bear's back, and the mouse laid itself down in the bear's ear, and the bear went forth on his way; and as he was swimming across a stream, he said, 'Wonder-stone, ape, mouse, I carry you all three—am I not strong?' Now the mouse was asleep, and the ape would not speak for fear of losing the wonder-stone. Then the

bear said, angrily, 'If you will not answer me, I will throw you all into the water.' Then the ape cried out, 'Throw us not into the water!' And, as he thus spoke, the wonder-stone fell from his mouth into the river.

"And when they had crossed the river, the ape said to the bear, 'Thou bear, verily thou art a thick-headed fellow.' The mouse heard this, and inquired, 'What is the matter?' Thereupon the ape related what had happened, and said, 'To get it out of the water is more difficult than all the rest; we may as well go back now.' But the mouse answered, 'I will try, however, to get it out of the water. Do you two sit down here the while.'

"Then the mouse began running up and down by the side of the river; and the inhabitants of the water said, 'Mouse, what disturbeth you?' And the mouse replied, 'Have you not heard that a great army is approaching, and that in future you will not be allowed to dwell in the river?' At these words the inhabitants of the waters cried, 'Tell us now what is to be done.' Then the mouse said, 'There remains no other way than to build up a wall by the side of the river. And they agreed to do so, and brought stones out of the river for the purpose; and the mouse took the stones and built a wall with them. And when the wall had reached a span high, a frog brought the wonder-stone in his mouth, and said, 'Lo! here is a very heavy stone.'

"Then the mouse carried the stone to his companions, and said, 'Here it is.' The ape was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'This mouse is a very cunning fellow.' Then the mouse crept into the bear's ear again, the ape got upon the bear's back, and they all three reached the son of the Birman, who had scarcely any life left in him. When the ape had given him the wonder-stone, the son of the Birman said, 'Ye three companions have shewn great kindness unto me. And when he had spoken these words, he again wished himself out of the river, and again there arose a dwelling fit for a chan. Fruit-trees and flowers of every kind flourished around it, and the pleasant songs of birds of all kinds were heard on every side. The splendid palace was filled with horses and mules. And when all these wishes were accomplished, the son of the Birman said, 'If the wonder-stone actually possesses great power, let there arise unto me a wife out of the kingdom of the Tangari. Thus spake he, wishing, and immediately there stood before him a daughter of the Tangari, accompanied by numerous followers. And the son of the Birman passed the rest of his days in peace and happiness, and became the father of a hundred bold and handsome sons.

"He was assuredly a chan of great merit!' Thus spake the peaceful wandering son of the chan, and Sidi replied, 'Good, good, we have now reached Nansaguni Baktshi.' Thus spake he, and burst from the sack through the air.

"Then spake the Baktshi the following words: 'Thy offence is now left without any consequences; and because in the execution of a meritorious act thou hast borne Sidi Khur thirteen times, shall none of the other chams measure kingdoms with you.'"

Saidi, thirteenth relation, treats of the son of the Birman."

\* It is very remarkable that a story identically the same with this of the Birman's Son, even in the minutest particulars, should have been picked up by the brothers Grimm, from oral tradition, in the Schwalmggen, a district of Hesse.—See *Kinder und Hans marchen*, band ii. s. 97, and their notes on it referring to similar stories.—Baud iii. s. 191.

## MUSIC. VOCAL SOCIETY.

AN admirable selection, a crowded room, and the presence of the royal visitors, combined to give more than ordinary brilliancy to the fourth concert. The performance commenced with Attwood's coronation anthem, "O Lord! grant the king a long life," which contains many beauties. Mr. Vaughan, in good voice, charmed all his old admirers, and gained many new ones, by his delicious performance of Dr. Boyce's lovely song, "Softly rise, O southern breeze!" — and the *obligato* bassoon accompaniment, beautifully played by Mr. Denman, with the delicate performance of the band and chorus, left nothing to be desired. In the present dearth of good tenors, it is matter of regret that Mr. Vaughan is not oftener heard, especially in songs so exactly suited to him as the above. He is unequal to any thing requiring much physical force; but we know no other English tenor singer who combines in an equal degree the advantages of a peculiarly sweet and even voice, a pure and correct taste, and the finest expression of the pathetic or religious kind. That his performance, during the last two or three years, has not been invariably such as to warrant this description, may be attributed partly to his having occasionally had to sing compositions entirely unsuited to him, and partly, perhaps, to his consciousness of having no longer the sympathy of the audience with him in the same degree as formerly, since the caprice of fashion has condemned many of the songs in which he most excels. Fashion may play these arbitrary tricks for a time; but she possesses not the power of consigning to *lasting* neglect any work or performer of sterling merit, and Mr. Vaughan may defy the tyranny of that "plague of wise men and idol of fools," while he can sing as he did on Monday night. Miss Rainforth did not succeed so well in Mozart's "Pavane," as in Weber's more beautiful and expressive song. The highest notes of the bravura movement seemed to be above the natural compass of her voice, for they were forced out with evident difficulty, and were harsh and deficient in tone, though not out of tune. Something, however, must be allowed on the score of her being still new to the public; and we must add, that the middle part of her voice appeared to our ears more sweet and full than on the night of her *début*, and that, on all other points, the opinion we then expressed remains unchanged. We would advise Miss Rainforth to adhere, at least for the present, to songs of a *moderately* high compass, and, both now and always, to select, if possible, such as require more than ordinary expression and feeling. Our limits are so nearly exhausted, that we must pass over in silence much that was worthy of particular notice. Miss Masson was admirable in Gluck's arduous song, "Che farò?" Mr. Balfe sang, in a very pleasing style, a ballad of his own composition; and Mrs. Anderson, in music worthy of her powers, a descriptive fantasia by Beethoven, was most triumphantly successful. The vocal setet and chorus, at the end of this composition, are remarkably beautiful. The glees were well selected, and exquisitely sung. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria remained till near the close of the performance. Q.

## QUARTET CONCERTS.

THE first of a series of four quartet concerts, given by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, took place last Thursday evening at the Hanover Square rooms, and was a perfect feast for a musical epicure as every item in the

programme was of first-rate excellence, and performed in the most finished style. In addition to the above-named musicians, there were Messrs. Moscheles, Willman, and Howell, for the piano-forte, clarinet, and double-bass, and Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Balfe as vocalists; all of whom performed in a manner to give the utmost delight to an attentive and discriminating audience. Q.

*Royal Academy of Music.* The concert, by the pupils, yesterday week, was most gratifying to the friends and patrons of this, our national school of music. If it has already contributed to adorn the stage and enrich the concert-room, the promise of rising talent is equally favourable to our future hopes.

## DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—Another splendid week has been added to our dramatic annals, and the management having announced the repetition of last year's clever trick, the closing of the season at Easter (i.e. the getting rid of the unequalled company with which the season was begun, and the tremendous puffery blown out about being determined to uphold the regular drama, and all the rest of the opening humbug), it seems to be a matter of little consequence during the short remainder whether the gull-catching succeed to the extent of the earlier months or not. *Masaniello*, the *Brigand*, and the *Siege of Rochelle*, with *Chevy Chase* every night, have been the novelties; and the latter has, according to the bills, been received with such "deafening shouts of applause," that it has become necessary to bring out another opera, in order to restore the audience to a sense of hearing! This is to be the *Corair*, alias, *Zampa*—Herold's affair of three years ago, which did not succeed—the Covent Garden *coup* of last Saturday, which had a most indifferent fate, and skillfully announced by this house, because it happens to be behind its rival; inasmuch "as a hasty and premature performance of it would be disrespectful to the public, as well as injurious to the reputation of that work and the theatre it is produced in, the lessee has deemed it advisable to postpone its representation to Monday next." How pleasant it is to have a good opinion of one's self! or, at any rate, to try to make the public believe our self-praise. Had Drury Lane been first, the bills would have trumpeted the matchless activity and enterprise of the management; being last, they bespraise its judicious slowness. Equally is it to be lauded for announcing Joanna Baillie's "celebrated (?) play of *Henriquet*," after its half-price competitor has given us *Separation*. Mayerbeer and Scribe's *Masacre* has, we hear, been found too revolting even for the perverted taste of London; otherwise, what was prepared by ten months' zealous application in Paris to scenery, effects, rehearsals, &c. &c., would have been galloped up here, as crudely and imperfectly as other imports, in six weeks.

*Covent Garden* tried a bold experiment on Saturday: *Zampa*, poorly supported, and an after-piece of ineffectual trash, called the *Fate of War*, or *Adventures in a Camp*, which provoked so much indignation as to be finished in the midst of a row, resembling the times when people cared for the pieces offered for their entertainment, and did not take the bills as guides to apathy. During the week (four days) good plays have been acted, with Charles Kemble in the leading tragic parts.

*St. James's Theatre.*—Rising in public estimation, and being nightly filled with genteel

audiences, this elegant theatre approaches the close of its first term. The only thing we have to complain of lately, has been the quantity and length of the entertainments; though, to be sure, the evil has been aggravated by the numerous *encores* which the excellence of the performances elicited. Miss P. Horton has displayed great versatility, and, both as an actress and singer, raised herself high in popularity. Our advice to her would be (gratifying as it is to be a favourite in almost every line) to do less, and limit her range of parts. She will then have more justice done to her powers, and, by concentrating, augment the force of public opinion. Of Braham we need say nothing; of Barker, simply that his delightful voice grows upon the ear; of Stretton, Stansbury, Mrs. Garrick, Miss Allison, Barnett (Jacques), Mitchell (so capital in *Manfred*), Strickland, Gardner, Selbys, &c. &c. &c., that the more they have acted together, the more attractive have their performances become. Let Braham secure a good company, and bring out appropriate dramas, and his theatre will be the most fashionable and prosperous in London.

**Strand Theatre.**—Mr. Rayner, it is stated, has come to some agreement with the Lord Chamberlain's office; and a public meeting, which was announced for to-day, has consequently been rendered unnecessary.

**The Diorama**, owing to some accident to the machinery, could only exhibit a partial (private) glance at the new subject yesterday.—The Village of Alagna, and Swiss mountain scenery. The portion we saw, however, is wonderfully fine; and when the avalanche is brought to act, in a preceding view, it will be the most extraordinary of these exhibitions.

#### VARIETIES.

**The Chimpanzee** at the Zoological Gardens, has died after long indisposition.

**Re's London and Dublin Journal.**—We have to acknowledge the receipt of this new periodical, which—with, perhaps, the exception of Irish biographies, commencing with a life of Dr. O'Connell—possesses no features to distinguish it from the usual class of miscellaneous publications.

**Caricatures.**—H. B. has just issued three novelties: 425, the "Rivals;" in which, by an exercise of his ludicrous talent, he has made out a curious likeness between Lord Morpeth and John Liston; the latter grumbling at the probability of the noble lord taking away his bread. 426 consists of three characteristic portraits of Peel, Sir J. Graham, and Lord Stanley, as a corps of observation from the combined forces of the Holy Alliance; and 427 is "A regular Kick-up," Mr. Hume, as a parish beadle, upsetting orangewomen (the Duke of Cumberland, &c.) and their baskets, while Peel and Lord J. Russell are advising no resistance, and moderation to either party. The last is capably grouped, and full of humour.

**Heat.**—At a meeting of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Clark, president, in the chair:—Mr. Whewell gave an account of the recent discoveries made by Professor Forbes, and other philosophers, with respect to the polarisation of heat. He stated, that Professor Forbes had recently obtained an additional confirmation of this discovery, by finding that heat, by two internal reflections in a rhomb of rock-salt, resembling Fresnel's rhomb, becomes circularly polarised under the same circumstances as light. It was also mentioned that Biot and Melloni

have very recently ascertained that heat acquires circular polarisation by transmission along the axis of a crystal of quartz. Mr. Willis then explained his views respecting the composition of the entablature of Grecian buildings.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The Scope of Piety; or, the Christian doing all things to the glory of God. By T. Q. Stow.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Beck's Elements of Medical Jurisprudence, 5th edit. brought down to the present time, including the Notes of Dr. Dunlop and Dr. Darwell, 8vo. 21s. bds.—The Poetical Remains of Mrs. Hemans, 12mo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Sibthorp's Family Library, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Life of Rodney, by Lieut.-Gen. Mundy, a new edition, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Tales of Truth for young People, by Mary Elliott, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—Redding on Modern Wines, 2d edit. 8vo. 16s. cloth.—Dr. A. Bingham's Remarks on the Influence of Mental Cultivation upon Health, 12mo. 2s. cloth.—Dr. J. Finlay's Miscellanies, 12mo. 5s. bds.—The Relief Preacher, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth, and 8vo. 12s. cloth.—The Gospel Mystery of Sanctification, by the Rev. W. Marshall, new edition, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Twenty Sermons, by the Rev. Hugh White, 5th edit. 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Titus Vespasian (from Metastasio), a Drama; and other Poems, by James Ford, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Mature Reflections, &c. of Rowland Hill in his old age, by the Rev. E. Sidney, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Gems from the American Poets, 32mo. 2s. cloth.—Readings from Dean Swift, with cuts, by R. Cruikshank, 12mo. 2s. sewed.—On the Means of comparing the Different Lines of Railway, by John Macneil, 8vo. 3s. sewed.—Antipathy, by John Amelle, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Schlegel's Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato, translated by W. Dobson, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cloth.—Conversations at Cambridge, &c. 6s. cloth.—A few remarkable Events in the Life of the Rev. Josh. Thompson, by N. Oliver, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Reflections on Revealed and Profane Theology, addressed to Lord Brougham, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—D. Junii Juvenalis Satire, with a Linear Verbal Translation, &c., by P. A. Nuttall, a new edit. by the Rev. J. Stirling, D.D., post 8vo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—Gifford's Translation of Juvenal's Satires, by P. A. Nuttall, new edition, post 8vo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—D. Junii Juvenalis Satire, with Linear Verbal Translation, and Gifford's Poetical Version, by P. A. Nuttall, new edition, by the Rev. J. Stirling, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 3	From 35 to 49	29.37 to 29.69
Friday.... 4	31 .. 47	29.65 .. 29.34
Saturday.. 5	38 .. 44	29.41 .. 29.32
Sunday.... 6	26 .. 48	29.32 .. 29.18
Monday... 7	36 .. 49	29.33 .. 29.36
Tuesday.. 8	32 .. 41	29.63 .. 29.46
Wednesday 9	25 .. 44	29.40 .. 29.23

Prevailing winds, S.W. and S.E. Except the mornings of the 5th and 7th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.

Rain fallen, .325 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude.....51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude .... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our poetical correspondents are most bountiful; witness the subjoined unique

"Somset."

Ah! I have known the day when that had been  
A year, had seemed to me a world of time;  
And yet 'twas pleasing, wholesome,—all sublime  
I might, indeed, have called it then, I ween,  
Tracing the tiny page that I had seen.  
The merry hours have gone, when I could chime  
My plant memory back to infant rhyme,  
And first laid schemes of fancy's glorious mien.  
Moments now pass, and months, and little days,  
Without the rock'n'g; years now circle round  
Like balls of fire, wearing gray the mind  
By quick successive blows, till it betrays  
A mortal weakness; then the soul lies bound  
In preparation for another kind.  
16th March, 1836."

To "G. M."—At Mr. Dominic Colnaghi's, we believe; but announcements will speedily be published.

"K." will find a letter at our office.

We regret not to have room for "E. L."

Observations on Music are reserved for consideration.

"Helen" is declined, with thanks.

ERRATUM.—In our last notice of Mrs. Bray's work, we fear we made a mistake, in speaking of Walking Stuart as Athenian Stuart. Walking Stuart had the Sunday Evening, at which we have been present.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION.**  
Fall Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily from ten in the morning till five in the evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogues, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists will be open to the Public on Monday next, the 21st instant.  
Admission, 1s. T. C. HOFFLAND, Secretary.  
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

#### LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK.

The Directors give Notice, that they have this day resolved to issue a limited Number of New Shares of the Company, at a premium of 4s. 10s. per share, with Dividend from the 1st day of January last; and that they will receive applications for the same from eligible parties until the 23rd instant.

By order of the Board,  
JAMES WILLIAM GILBERT,  
General Manager.

33 Throgmorton Street, March 9th, 1836.

#### SMITH'S CATALOGUE RAISONNE.

The Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that Part the Seventh of Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, containing the Life and a Description of the Works of Rembrandt van Rijn, illustrated with a Portrait of Rembrandt and a View of Rembrandt's House, is now ready for delivery.  
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RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

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The Sale will take place on Wednesday, April 11, and Thirteen following days; and Catalogues to be now had of Messrs. Sothey and Son, No. 3 Wellington Street, Strand.

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